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LIGHTED WINDOWS

By Dr. FRANK CRANE

Author of "Christmas and the Year Round," "The Looking Glass," "Just Human," "Adventures in Common Sense," Etc.

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TO

THE DIVVY

WHOSE LIGHT HAS ALWAYS
BEEN IN THE WINDOW

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LIGHTED WINDOWS

LIGHTED WINDOWS

ONE summer I lived a while in a little hotel that stood in a village and faced the mountain. Out of my window I could see a great glacier, and from it came a roaring waterfall, the white blood of the ice monster, running away forever.

The huge mountain-mass loomed up sombre, imposing. All day long it stood sturdy in the sun, and showed its brown shoulders, its rock teeth, its green pine whiskers, as if a sleeping giant, a dead demiurge. In the morning the dawn fairies bathed it in rosy mist; at noon the sun blazed over it and it glistened like the shields of warriors; at twilight it towered, dark, thoughtful, melancholy, the dwelling place of mystery and of the hosts of fear.

To watch it after sunset, when it slowly retreated from vision and wrapped itself in clothes of shadow, was my melancholy pleasure. How many thoughts I sent out to it! How many memories it awoke in me!

And every evening when the dark was conquering and the gloom full fallen, I saw a little light

far up the mountainside. It was a window, illuminated by a lamp. I never knew who lived there, and never inquired. I had no wish to know.

For whoever lit that window was one of the priests of life, representing to me the unknown ministries. He was unaware of me, yet for me his lamp shone. Behind the light was a soul, and he sent a message to my soul.

All my life I have seen lighted windows in the twilight. Discouraged, I have walked the city streets and some woman has smiled at me. Possibly she was a woman with an evil heart; but the charity of my sadness disinfected her signal, and it fell pure as a star upon my spirit.

I have taken up a book at random, when vexed and cowardly, and have found a page therein that beamed; and I was heartened.

I have opened my mail, while the clouds of a chill soul-weather were thick upon me, and have found a letter from some one I never knew; and there was a helpful, human word in it, and its warmth penetrated me and changed my day.

I have glimpsed a happy child, a pretty girl, a wholesome woman, a hearty man, an adventurous boy, a cheerful graybeard, and they have been to me as lighted windows, motioning brotherhood signs to me.

I have heard the whistling of a boy, the laughter of a maid, the song of a gay worker, scraps

of sound that entered into me as rays of light from a window among crepuscular hills.

And if so be that one sentence I have ever written shall strike upon one reader's soul as a lighted window, then my words are not all waste; for are we not, he and I, forever after, brothers of mystery, unknown companions, travelling side by side, with perhaps a third with us, while "our hearts burn within us," as did the hearts of them that walked along the evening road to Emmaus?

My myriad unknown mates whose lighted windows I have seen, I feel you now. Shall not one of the rarest pleasures of that next life be for us to meet, like clustering Pleiades, and soul with soul to mingle as flames of happy light?

A MORNING CREED

WHEN you awake in the morning you wash your body; why don't you wash your mind?

You breakfast, putting food in your body to give you strength for the day: why don't you give your soul its breakfast?

Therefore, learn this creed, better it if you can, and say it as your day begins.

1. I want this day to be a cheerful and successful one, so that I may come to my resting bed to-night glad and satisfied. To accomplish this I will plan my day intelligently.

2. As I know that happiness depends on me, my will and attitude of mind, and not on events, I will ADJUST myself to whatever happens.

3. I will not WORRY. If a thing can be helped I will help it; if not, I will make the best of it.

4. I will keep all mental poisons out of my thought. I will especially resist and exclude FEAR, which weakens and unnerves me.

5. I will not allow myself to become ANGRY.

6. I will resist PRIDE.

7. I will try to AFFECT PLEASANTLY every one with whom I am thrown in contact. I will try to make happiness as well as to receive it.

8. I will BELIEVE IN MYSELF. I will allow nothing to make me DOUBT myself nor to create in me DISCOURAGEMENT or DESPAIR.

9. I will not let myself DESPISE any human being; and I will keep all contemptuous and condemnatory thoughts of anybody out of my mind; neither will I speak derogatory words.

10. I will keep my whole self in tune with positive, healthful and optimistic forces.

11. I will make my ENFORCED INTIMACIES as pleasant as possible; I will get along without friction or bickering, or strained relations, with my family, my neighbors, and my business associates.

12. I will plan for at least a half hour's QUIET, for reflection and for cultivating my own spirit.

13. I will be more honest, square, and prompt than business requires; more kind than charity requires; more loyal than friendship requires; more thoughtful than love requires.

14. I will do SOMEBODY a good turn that is not expected of me.

15. If any person does me wrong I will not bear him a grudge; I will try to FORGET it.

16. I will ENJOY as heartily as I can what the day brings me; and get all the pleasure possible out of eating, drinking, working, resting, amusements, and the people I meet; so that at night I may be able to say: "I have lived to-day, and have found life good."

LOVELINESS

"We dwell," wrote Fiona Macleod, "on this loveliness, or on that; and some white one, flame-winged, passes us on the way, saying, 'it is loveliness I seek, not lovely things.' "

And in that sentence you have a great and suggestive cleavage.

The search for lovely things has no end. It is an incurable thirst. It is a quenchless fever.

King Solomon sought lovely things, and piled up treasures of gems, and set up ivory palaces and golden temples, and got the smiles of many women and the gifts of kings; and at last wrote it down that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

The heart of the little child is wiser than this wisest man, for it loves the sunshine and the play of muscles and the wonder of flying birds, and gives itself to the beautiful world and does not try to take from the world things to own.

All down the street of time rich men have used their wealth to collect beautiful things; they have built them houses and bought pictures, statues and strange metals, cloths and jewels and curios;

yet their souls have remained dry, and at death their hands held only the ashes of spent fancies.

Their rifled tombs and gutted mausoleums are along the Appian Way, crowds gape at them in museums where they repose, having been stolen from Egypt; in modern graveyards they lie forgotten with huge stones upon their breasts.

Meanwhile the spirits of Dante, of Horace, and of Keats walk among the living and minister to minds alive, because they sought loveliness and were not deceived by the lust for things.

The divine thirst for loveliness takes the spiritual gifts of the flower, the love of things plucks the flower.

The love of loveliness ennobles woman, the greed for lovely things degrades her.

You can never know the utter beauty and the transfiguring power of loveliness until you get rid of your clutter and take the open road. For beauty dwells only among souls that have stripped themselves naked of pride and holdings, and are as the unclothed gods who own the world yet own nothing in it.

"One thing thou lackest. If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me."

Who can bear so hard a saying? There are many independently rich. Who can be independently poor?

There are millions of poor by necessity. Their

whine goes up day and night continually. But who can seek poverty as an opportunity?

There are some, poor as Christ, poor as Buddha, poor as Socrates, poor as Thoreau.

These are the oracles. To these men turn in the crises of life, asking, when the darkness of the infinite affrights, "Watchman, what of the night?"

AGE AND SHRINKAGE

WHEN I was a small boy I used to play around my grandfather's house in Paris, Illinois. Everything was big. I could not see over Gilbert's fence. It was a long way down the hill to the creek, and a journey of considerable adventure to go over to Uncle George's. The woods-pasture back of the barn, where the Eads boys and I played Indian and robber, was something like the great North American continent in extent. The front porch of grandfather's house was a vast promenade, as the boardwalk at Atlantic City, and the upper portico a fine and imposing rampart. My relatives, such as cousins and aunts, were of legendary stature, and in my imagination mingled on terms of equality with the Caliph of Bagdad, Ivanhoe, David and Goliath, and Cinderella. The trees were miles high, and the dogs as big as lions.

I went away. I grew up. I became twenty-one years of age and very wise. I returned to Paris, Illinois. And, behold! the whole stage setting of my youth had been reduced to miniature. It was as though I were looking at it with the

larger lenses of the opera glasses to my eyes.

When I walked by Gilbert's fence I could look right over it. Down to the creek was only a short walk, and I could step over to Uncle George's in a minute or so. When I went out to see the woods-pasture, the scene of my early crimes and adventures, I had to laugh; it was so pathetically small, only half an acre. The front porch had contracted so that there was hardly room to sit on it, and the upper portico was the tiniest place imaginable. In addition to this all of my relatives had dwindled down to be just ordinary mortals, not great and marvellous any more, but clay, as I was clay.

There is a great revelation in this. It is that the world, and all that therein is, is majestic, imposing, and full of glory and romance, in proportion as you are young; and that all disillusion, despisings and world-weariness mean simply that you are growing old.

A lot of what we call wisdom and experience is no more than doddering senility, withering age.

There are some who never seem to lose their feeling of wonder at the world. These are the eternally young. Whom may God bless!

One passage in letters embodying this idea occurs to my memory. It is Thomas Hood's verse:

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
  Than when I was a boy.

UNIFYING FORCES

THE curse is Isolation. The healing is Unity.

As human beings drift away into separation they develop morbidity, and as they merge into mankind they become sound.

The deepest joys are the joys common to the race.

All pain is individual; there is no world-sorrow.

The lonely become sensitive, their vanity becomes sore, their corners and crankiness increase, they grow sour, perverse, peevish.

Pessimism is a form of loneliness. All pessimistic souls cry out that the world does not understand them, that they are not appreciated. Whoever strikes the deep note of joy has simply come into harmony with the millions.

The struggle of the world is toward world-unity. The end of all great battles, taken as a whole, is to repress secession.

Every castle, clique, clan, sect, ecclesia, nation or party, is a thing to be at last overcome.

Out of divisions arise hates, grudges, prejudices.

Bitterness is bred of narrowness.

The triumph of Bismarck, Richelieu, Garibaldi, and Lincoln was the triumph of Unity over Provincialism.

There must come other Bismarcks in the future who shall abolish nations.

The European shall supplant the German, French, and Italian; the American shall take the place of the Canadian, Mexican, and the United States citizen; the Asiatic shall arise upon the disappearance of the Chinese and the Japanese.

Possibly a long programme, a dimly distant goal; but not so far off as one might imagine.

Already the great forces of modern life are non-national, are distinctly world-forces, bounded only by humanity.

COMMERCE, for instance, knows no language, has no frontier, does not understand patriotism, is as catholic as Jesus.

SCIENCE is not English nor French; it is as wide as mankind. The same authorities and materials are found in the University of Tokio and the Rockefeller Institute.

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER LANGUAGE. The curse of Babel is disappearing. Diversity of tongues was due to provincialism.

The OCEAN, which once separated, now unites the peoples of earth.

The ARTS, such as music, painting, sculpture, architecture, are converging into world signifi-

cance; the charm of local color fades before the universal appeal.

TRANSPORTATION breaks down nation walls. The steam locomotive smashes through political barriers.

COMMUNICATION, the telegraph and telephone, "their line has gone out to all the earth."

Over all boundaries soars the FLYING MACHINE.

And some day the world will work out the truth that RELIGION is not sectarian, segregative, an ethnic enthusiasm, nor an organized party, but that it is human.

The creed of the youth of humanity was that there is but ONE GOD; the creed of the adulthood of humanity will be that there is but ONE MANKIND.

THE HARROWERS

HERE'S a book by Hall Caine, entitled "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," just out, guaranteed to irritate every nerve, bruise every tender place in your heart, offend you, agitate you, and make you want to fight somebody.

Why in the name of all that's decent anybody wants to read such stuff your deponent sayeth not. Chickens eat pebbles, some southern whites eat clay, and English sparrows eat of the dirt of the highway; but why a human being wants to eat mental food that turns his mental teeth, nauseates his spiritual stomach, and gives him a fit of emotional ptomaine poisoning it is hard to say.

If "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" isn't harrowing enough for you, let me recommend "The Children of the Dead End," an English affair, pure dreadfulness, without a ray of humor or a touch of real happiness. Unmitigated gloom. Unrelieved wretchedness.

When you finish it, if you do, you will certainly want to go out in the garden and eat worms.

All of which raises the question: Why do peo-

ple like books and plays that distress and oppress them?

Also, why is it the thing to call a particularly gloomy and dyspeptic piece of literature great?

My own notion is this: and I fling it in the teeth of the critics, and be hanged to 'em!

The expression of gloom, the depiction of cruelty, the expatiation upon horrors is the cheapest and nastiest short cut to creating a sensation and acquiring a reputation.

It is the favorite way of beginners. Most young poets write of death and heartbreak. Most young story-tellers are experts in plain and fancy agonies. Some of them get over it. Many don't.

I don't like sickly sweet stories, but surely the great masters of literature, in all their tragedies as well as in their comedies, were healthy and human. They made you feel that it is good to be alive and greet the sun.

The world and the hearts of men need joy; they need to feed their imagination upon high and wholesome visions.

They do not need literature that gives them the pip.

So, author, if you have anything to say that may lighten us up a bit, anything that may give us a new grip on life, anything that may strengthen our faith that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," come, write.

But if your heart is dry, your cerebellum soured, and your soul ready to throw up its sick existence, why, get thee to a brewery! Why should'st thou be a breeder of books?

THE CURE OF DISTANCES

WHENEVER I get worried about things, about the cook, or the neighbors, or the children, or politics, or other sublunary concerns that sometimes impose their importance upon finite minds, I like to go and talk with my old friend THE ASTRONOMER.

He cures me with his distances. When he talks of his suns and stars and other sky matters I lose my little troubles, as you shed your clothes when you take a plunge into the ocean.

The other day I said to him that I did not like to walk or ride unless I had some particular destination; I did not like to go without going somewhere.

He smiled and said: "Nobody knows where he is going. Where are we all, where is this earth, going? Some say we are headed for the blue sun called Vega. None of us living mortals will ever know, for we would not arrive there for some fourteen million years."

"How fast are we travelling?"

"Oh, about twenty kilometres a second. But that is not high speed for the heavenly roadway.

In fact, this world's chauffeur is just poking along."

"Afraid of an accident?"

"Possibly; for all the stars in the Milky Way, and there are two or three hundred million of them, are whizzing ahead, every one of them at high speed."

"And not a soul of them knowing where he's bound for! Every one of them saying with Mr. Dooley, 'We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.'"

"That's it. And, speaking of speeding, there are some of those sky fellows who are really hitting it up. There's the star 1830 Groombridge, for instance, that is making 241 kilometres a second, and the nebula in Andromeda goes at the rate of 325 kilometres a second; but these are exceeded by a little star discovered by Lalande, which traverses space at more than 331 kilos per second, and by Arcturus, which is bowling along, all six cylinders wide open, at 413 kilos a second. Why, it would not take this last star over two million years to cut clear across our universe."

"You don't say!" I had already acquired contempt for a mere two million.

"These extra fast stars," continued the astronomer, "doubtless do not belong to our universe. They seem to be out of their way."

"I do hope they will be careful. There are other universes then, so to speak?"

"Maybe; separated from ours by incomprehensible distances, and not connected with ours by an ether capable of carrying their light to us. Man may never see them. Still, if they exist, then three hundred million or so of suns that compose our universe may be moving toward some point in them."

When I went home and my wife asked me to explain why it is that the cook always leaves the lid of the icebox open, I replied to her:

"Woman, it is a mystery. But I'm not going to worry over it now. I am occupied with conjectures and queries which demonstrate how limited still is our patrimony of human knowledge, constrained and astonished before the fearsome enigma of the universe."

"Yet," said she, "the ice is out, and what are you going to do about it? We have company for dinner."

"In forty-one million years it will make no difference," I answered.

And for once I had the last word.

THE LAUGHERS

I HAVE a grand remedy which I wish to recommend to all suffering humanity.

I have tried it myself. A number of my acquaintances have tried it. All speak highly of the benefits received. It has helped others, why not you?

It is—LAUGHTER.

Not smiling, not mere good humor, but laughter, the kind that explodes, shakes you, and goes on exploding and shaking like a rapid-fire gun, until the massed battalions of worry are shot to pieces.

To laugh is probably the best medicine ever discovered. One hearty laugh is better than a wagon-load of roots and yarbs, better than seven drug stores full of dope.

"There is not," says the London *Health,* "the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by the hearty shaking of the central man. The blood moves rapidly, and probably its chemical, electrical, or vital condition, is distinctly modified."

In other words, one good laugh is equal to a dose of salts, two cocktails, a bromo-seltzer, and a spoonful of quinine.

If you have got into such a condition that nothing can make you have a fit of mirth, a regular whoopee, more's the pity.

This is rather an oppressive world; there are so many burdens and perplexities that any one is liable to be crushed. Laughter is nature's defense against the world burden. By laughter a man shakes off his pack, for a few minutes at least, and capers like a loose colt in the pasture. When he returns and is saddled again he is refreshed, is stronger.

It doesn't make much difference what you laugh at. Children laugh at nothing at all, and are happier than we.

Goldsmith says of a happy group that "what they lacked in wit they made up in laughter."

One of the best laugh makers is the GOOD STORY; not the pleasant little quip, but the "regular scream," the kind that makes you hold your sides, rock to and fro, and yell.

Pass it along. Save up two or three, and when you meet a friend, hand them to him. Who can tell how much health and sanity are created by the good stories that are continually going the rounds?

Don't be afraid to laugh. Don't get out of practice. Laugh, and be human.

Not that you should be ever giggling, or set out to be a professional humorist, but rather that you should learn the Lincolnian art of knowing and being able to tell a "good one" upon occasion.

God bless the laughers! Their roar goes up from all the earth, the brave protest of the life force within us against the glooms and scarecrows of this fearsome world.

OD

Do you know what Od is?

Perhaps it isn't. Still whether it is or isn't, it's interesting.

It is a kind of force which Reichenbach claimed to have discovered. It was supposed to be exhibited by peculiarly sensitive persons, streaming from their finger tips and the like, and by crystals and other bodies. This force, says the Century Dictionary, has been supposed to explain the phenomena of mesmerism and animal magnetism; but it rests upon no scientific foundation.

Our sensitiveness to the touch is limited usually to the surface of the skin. The sharpest needle, so long as it does not touch us, makes no impression, even at the nearness of the thousandth part of an inch.

But it has been shown that in a state of deep hypnosis certain persons acquire an extension of sensibility beyond the limits of the body and feel a touch or puncture made even at a distance.

Certain "subjects," during the hypnotic state and the accompanying clairvoyance, succeed in perceiving pale luminous waves emanating from

the eyes of a human being, and from the nostrils, and from the extremities of the fingers, and the rest of the body seems also to glow as if wrapped in a thin phosphorescence.

This Od has never received the O. K. stamp of the regular scientists, and perhaps the spirit dealers are trying to come it over us.

But even while we hang up any opinion upon the matter, marking it "Important if true," as we have to deal with so many charming theories, still this Od hypothesis is interesting, fillips the stale fancy and incites to comparisons.

I have known people who seemed to be overrunning with something, call it Od or what you will. They feel slurs never meant, slights that do not exist, and suffer constantly from "woonds and broozes and petrifying sores," made by nothing and by intent of nobody.

Lord help 'em! And help any poor, miserable Odic creature whose sensitiveness spreads all over the place, so that when you are walking softly around him you are all the while treading on his toes!

I used to have a considerable Odicity myself when young, and often lay awake o' nights suffering from imaginary soul-wounds. I have grown callous. The only way you can hurt me now is with a brick. I sing the classic song,

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down stairs?"

And to all fellow Odics, who are everlastingly being hurt by everybody, I would say, as the ripest, richest contribution of my experience:

"Nix on the projection of sensitiveness beyond the epidermis!"

Od may be flowing from my finger tips still, but the manicure girl doesn't seem to notice it; and shooting from my eyes, but my lady friends do not appear to be disturbed by it; and investing my body in a filmy phosphorescence, but it doesn't hurt.

I have learned one thing. I wait until somebody hits me before I begin to feel pain.

WHAT THE STARS SAY

In a poem by James Stephens, published in the periodical *Platinum Prints,* occur these lines:

I think the stars do nod at me,
  But not when people are about;
For they regard me curiously
  Whenever I go out.

Brothers, what is it ye mean,
  What is it ye try to say,
That so earnestly ye lean
  From the spirit to the clay?

I may have been a star one day,
  One of the rebel host that fell;
And they are nodding down to say,
  Come back to us from hell.

The stars are the greatest of preachers. Their line has gone out to all the earth. Their appeal is universal. Their silent message pours over the world of men as a continuous chrism.

The greatest of teachers came to show us the star life, "the kingdom of the heavens."

What do the stars tell of?

BEAUTY. In all the scope of vision nothing is so beautiful. No spectacle of day can equal the calm magnificence, the clustered loveliness, of the star people. They smile forever upon the ugliness of men's works, upon the unbeauty of muddy and troubled souls.

ORDER. Each star moves in its set orbit. Through the long centuries they swing and stumble not upon their path. There is no confusion. Orion and the Scorpion pass by in crystal harmony. The fiery Bull is as tranquil as the Seven Sisters. The figures of the star dances are of inconceivable intricacy, yet so perfectly do they keep step that men can predict their places a thousand years hence.

What must they think of this warring world? And of the strifes of men? Of the strugglings, heartburnings, misunderstandings of us? What if in our relations with one another we could have such perfection of organization, such spirit of cowork? What if every business deal would profit both him that buys and him that sells? And what if with those we love there were that unbroken starlike accord?

MYSTERY. Familiar strangers. Unknown lights that have shone upon us in childhood and will keep watch over our graves. Eternal food of wonder. Persistent reminders that life is great and high and divine, and not all earthly and commonplace.

INFINITY. They speak of distances that cannot be measured, of magnitudes that we cannot grasp, of that sacred symbol of grandeur—infinity. Here the stricken cry "Nevermore!" There the stars murmur in soft chorus "Forever and ever!" Here are limits. We dream of freedom, but we are as sleep-walkers, and nature thrusts our bounds against us, we strike our foreheads upon pillars of brass. There is the wide and open road of souls. No confines, no partings, no satiety, no decay.

These thoughts the stars have put into us. Blessed is the man who believes them. He shall have peace.

DO THY NEXT THING

I HAVE received the following letter:

"What, if I may ask, would be your advice to a young man who has reached the age of twenty-one, and who, after having for five years been possessed of the requisites for entrance into a college, is as yet unable to decide on what profession to choose as his life work?

"Nothing, or rather everything, which in this case is equivalent to nothing, has appealed to his imagination, only to be thrown overboard the next day. He is bright, ambitious, a hustler, etc.

"Very truly yours,

"A Would-Be Counsellor."

There are thousands of young men in this same case. There are, I believe, more who don't know what they want than there are who do know what they want.

It is all very well to tell a young man to take up that calling to which he is best adapted, to follow the inward call and to do the work for which nature intended him; but what if he does not know?

There is but one thing to do. It is to take events into partnership. That is to say, it is to believe that providence or destiny has something to do with one's career, to watch for what opens up, and to be ready to seize opportunity.

Indecision is worse than making a mistake.

Whatever presents itself, whether running a shoe-shining stand, or selling goods on the road, or teaching school, or studying law or medicine, go to it, if you have any inclination at all in that direction; try it out, work faithfully, and see how it suits you.

Nobody can tell you what to do. At the last, YOU must decide. There is no getting away from this.

And if you cannot decide for what you are fitted, then "do thy next thing." Do the first thing that you can turn up, and do it as well as you can.

That will lead to something else. And to the thing you are designed for, eventually.

Life is determined by experiment. No man can sit down and plan it all out beforehand. It is like a path through the woods; you can see but a little way at a time, but, if you GO ON, the farther distances and the ultimate goal by and by appear.

Meanwhile don't forget that the worst of all is INDECISION.

OCTOBER

Of all the twelve lovely girls in the year family give me October.

It's every man to his taste, of course, but what could we talk about if we did not tell of what we like?

So it's October for me. There's a crispness in her atmosphere, a health in her cool hand, and a vigor in her step that find me.

Then it is you want to do, to commence, to begin again. All the languidity of August is chilled away. Variable September, that knows not her own mind, but shines, rains, and swelters by whim, has gone. October, firm-stepping and of jocund face, calls you, and you're up and away over the hills and into the woods with a stout heart.

Of all the invigorating vintages give me October air. No brew nor distillation made by man can equal the refreshing stimulation of this lung beverage. It clears the head, brightens the eye, sharpens the brain, and unlimbers the legs.

June has her soft beauties and May her shy greens and nascent blossoms, but what can equal

the imperial colors of October's dress when the forests blaze with flame-dyed leaves, every tree is a miracle of rich hues, and the earth is laid ankle deep in a rustling carpet?

Take a mile of October for what ails you. Find a sturdy stick, walk the country road, cut through the pastures, climb the mountain side, and when you're tired out eat half a dozen apples and take a long drink from the spring; then shall all the megrims, distempers, worries, and botherations fly away, and you will return home a real human being.

If spring produces the madness of poetry in susceptible breasts, why not October? So here goes:

O dear, clear October,
Cold hand and fire heart,
When there's frost on the meadow and the hearthstone's warm!

O clean, strong October,
You're bonny and you're wholesome,
And I'd rather kiss your cool lip than June's warm mouth.

O ruddy-cheeked October,
Blue's your eye and fresh as morning,
And your hair blows like the sunset with a yellow maple flame.

Oh, night of October,
You smell all of nuts and apples,
And I see the moon, like fire, between the haystack and the barn.

O wayward, sweet October,
There's wine and there's cider,
And the sun strolls through the day with his eye half shut.

Then love me in October,
When the air is like champagne,
And the life that's falling in the leaf is rising in the blood.

ON TIME

PERHAPS you think you don't amount to much. If so, there is one little excellence you may acquire; it won't cost you a cent and will give abundant pleasure to all persons you have to do with.

It is the virtue of BEING ON TIME.

No matter whether you are black or white, giant or dwarf, handsome or plain, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, male or female, it makes no difference; if you can't be a thing of beauty, you can be a joy forever, by the simple trick of being there at the minute you said you would be there.

I sometimes think the greatest character in fiction is the Count of Monte Cristo, who when he said he would arrive at 12 o'clock noon, opened the door precisely upon the sixth stroke of the clock at midday.

The man who is late is selfish. For his own pleasure, or for his indolence and carelessness, he keeps others waiting.

He is also an egoist. He thinks more of his own convenience than of the comfort of others.

He is also a nuisance.

It makes no matter whether you be an office

boy or the boss. Nine o'clock means 9 o'clock, not half past nine.

For myself I profess I have no stomach for waiting. When some one sends for me to come at a certain hour, and when I arrive at the set time, and have to sit thirty minutes in an anteroom, cooling my heels and twiddling my thumbs, I have a strong inclination to go out and join the Amalgamated Bomb Throwers' Association.

There are ladies—but perhaps I would better not say what is in my mind. Late to get up, late to go to bed, late at breakfast, late at dinner, and late at supper, late to the train, late to church, late to the theatre—well, what of it? We adore them just the same. The queen can do no wrong.

But let not any mere man try this! Just because his betters can be late with impunity is no excuse for his arrogating to himself such royal privilege.

Whosoever causes others to wait has committed a grievous insult. Woe to the railway whose train is two hours late, causing countless passengers to suffer in station houses with nothing to eat but peanuts and nothing to read but lying timetables! Woe unto the man who makes the other ten members of the board sit idle because they cannot do business without him! Woe to the doctor or lawyer who sits reading a newspaper while the outer office is filled with tortured humanity! Woe to the man who makes a date with you at 3

o'clock and arrives at 4, just as you are ready for the next comer! Woe to the guest who promised to be at the dinner on time, and comes only when the viands are cold and the company is hot! Woe unto all the late!

For surely the recording angel has a long, deep, black mark against them.

A RAINY DAY

To those of us who love Nature each of her changing moods is adorable. We love a soft morning when

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

We love a sweltering summer noon, when the earth reels with life under the hot love of the sun. We love a winter midnight, when the stars glisten steely and acres of white snow lie dim and lustrous under rampant Orion. We love the flaunting banners of sunset, the stillness of a quiet evening, the roar of storms, the voices of the wind; in all that the sky does it expresses the wayward movings of the soul. It helps us know ourselves.

But nothing seems so intimate as a rainy day; not splashed with rain, but a day when it's rainy as you get up and take your first look out of the window; a slow drizzle, a steady downpour, as if it always had rained and is going to rain forever and ever.

It makes the household cosy. At the breakfast

table we love each other a little more. Nature has shut out the world and the family cuddles closer.

It gives many strange, new color values to the view. It is pouring now, and as I look out over the trees across the way they are blurred; they are phantom trees, with mystery glooming through them.

One tall old elm stands with upraised arms, for all the world like some rapt Brahmin imploring the upper infinite, like the very spirit of earth transfixed in prayer.

The sky is not light, but is as if translucent with the ghost of light. The brilliant vastness of a sunny day is not there, but the heavens seem to have stolen nearer during the night, and now brood over us, mothering the earth.

The rain-drops fall, innumerable little messengers, words of musical water, which is life, coming upon bush and garden, street and roof, myriads and to spare. It is the overplus of Nature's generosity. It is the infinite giving its breast to its child, the finite. The placid earth is sated.

A rainy day has its own sounds. All the noises of things, of men's voices, footsteps, of bird-cries, of wheels, of cattle and horses and dogs, sound blanketed, half smothered in the velvet wrapping of the rain.

Get your book and sit in the window—and then

let the book drop and gaze out into the hazy air, and your thoughts will fly, perhaps into places of tears in the past, perhaps far away where is one whose face is a tender vision, perhaps into the future to your cloud-shrouded castles in Spain.

It is well to be sunny and bright, but there are moods also when the soul is glad of rain, and of all the gentle melancholy that rain bespeaks.

BOOKS AND WHAT'S ON THEM

"I SPEAK," said the college professor, "as one who loves books.

"If there is one master-passion of my life it is books. To me they are real people, not dead things.

"And I haven't a de luxe book on my shelves.

"I am not poor. I make a fair living and have a satisfactory house to shelter me, a good bed, and plenty to eat. I even have laid up some money.

"So I could have rare editions if I wanted them. I do not.

"I don't think any the more of a woman because she is spattered with diamonds and wears a $500 imported gown. I don't think any the more of a house with gold door knobs, of a bedstead with solid silver posts, nor of a book that is bound in gilt and morocco.

"Everywhere the tendency of great riches is to vulgarity. The most vulgar elements of society are not the laborers, clerks, domestic servants, and all the horde of people with limited educa-

tion. On the contrary, it is among these we often find the rarest loyalty, nobility of heart, thoughtfulness, and the other virtues that belong to the genuine spiritual aristocracy.

"Real vulgarity consists in ostentation, in petty forms of display, in needless luxury, in putting upon things values that arise not from their usefulness or beauty, but from their cost—hence the exclusiveness implied by their possession.

"It is as hard for a rich man not to be vulgar as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

"A woman with her fingers stiff with flashy rings is vulgar. To own troops of dogs and horses, merely to be known as owning them, is vulgar. To give dinners at $20 a plate is vulgar. The whole troop of night-life people squandering money in the lobster palaces are vulgar. To use one's wealth in owning and keeping up a million-dollar house, with troops of servants and a half dozen automobiles, instead of devoting one's money in some human way toward making children, women and men healthier, wiser, and happier is vulgar. It is all as cheap and common as a Sioux brave's pleasure in a red blanket.

"I can't expect to keep the soiling hands of patronage off other things, but I wish to heaven I could keep them off books.

"Books are the prophets, the spiritual helpers of life. They constitute the eternal democracy. So I say, let them be dressed in modest and hon-

est covers, let them be robed in simple dignity, as Haggai or John the Baptist.

"I have little sympathy for the people who are swindled into paying $5,000 for a set of books worth $50. They are the victims of their own love of vulgar display.

"It is not those who love books for what is inside them that are buncoed by the de luxe game."

WHY I LOVE YOU

THUS said a lover to his lass:

Why do I love you?

1. I don't know.

2. I never intended to love you. I did not deliberately set about it. Love came to me—"out of the nowhere." I was struck by it as by a stray bullet. It seems a kind of divine accident.

3. It is not because you are beautiful. You were not beautiful—to me—until I loved you. Now every feature of you is beautiful, every way you have. Beauty does not beget love; love begets beauty.

4. I love you because you are different from all other persons in the world. Love has individualized you. You are as peculiar to me as I am to myself. You seem a rare pearl the like of which nobody except me ever found. You are a treasure trove.

5. I love you because you will not let me be. You haunt me, follow me, dwell forever in the back of my mind. I cannot get rid of you. I am conscious of you, standing there among my thoughts, even as I am conscious of myself.

6. Nothing you have done makes me love you. Please do not ever try to do anything to make me love you. All you need is to be yourself. The

more nearly you come to perfectly, freely expressing yourself the more charming you are.

7. Any adornment you put on interferes. Any effort you put forth to make yourself attractive is a false note. Your jewels, ribbons, rings —I merely endure them. The more completely you are just yourself the more you appeal to me.

8. I love you because going on living without you would be unbearable. You have entwined yourself in my destiny. We are not two separate units side by side. We have combined into one personality by a sort of spiritual chemistry. We, having loved, are as different from what we were before love's fire fused us as water is different from the two gases that compose it.

9. I love you because you have captured my future.

10. I love you because you have changed the world. Once it was a mere place; now it is a home, comfortable, warm, light.

11. I love you because you arouse my better self. Your love keeps me from lapsing into a lower plane. You make me generous, loyal, thoughtful, punctilious in honor, patient, strong. When I think of you I must be the best I can be.

12. I love you because to me you are the most significant expression of the eternal. In your face I see the infinite. Through you, by you, I climb up from the brute to the human. Through you I get glimpses of the divine.

THE SPARROW

He was a poet. Not that he had ever written any poetry. But he was full of it. Many who write reams of rhymes are not poets. And perhaps the best poets do not write at all.

I met him on a park bench. I was feeding the English sparrows. I love the little beggars, I suppose, because every man's hand is against them. He was rolling a cigarette with Spanish dexterity. He lit it and proceeded to read a paper, a last evening's paper, much crumpled.

We got to talking. Little by little these items appeared in his talk.

He had slept last night in the park. It was fine. Plenty of fresh air. Of course you have to dodge the policemen, but there are lots of dark corners that make excellent lodgings.

Cold? Some. Yet newspapers are the warmest kind of bedclothes. No one can appreciate the value of the daily paper until he has slept in it.

Isn't it grand that a great city furnishes quarters for the down-and-outers? Green grass and a tree for the tramp—a noble charity—or rather

not a charity at all, but the people providing for their unfortunate.

Meals he got in saloons at the free lunch counter. He did not drink much, just a little beer, for alcohol upset him; but he could go into a saloon, buy a five cent glass of beer, and satisfy his hunger at the free lunch counter. He had always found barkeepers very cordial and human. He didn't believe people realized the good saloons do by saving men from sheer starvation.

The best thing he had found in the city, however, was the public library. Often he spent days there. It was comfortable, luxurious.

You can go in, he said, and read all day. The attendants are as polite to you as if you were a millionaire.

Ask for books on any subject and they get them for you. They give you a seat. They wait on you. If they are delayed in attending to your wants they ask your pardon. Gee! but it makes you feel classy!

There are all the newspapers and magazines. You have free access to them.

There are places to wash your hands and face. They check your hat and coat. No tips. Talk about your exclusive clubs; it's me for the inclusive club, the club where any human being is welcome.

No; he had no job. He was doing some study in Asiatic love-poetry. No; he didn't expect to

sell it anywhere. He was just studying because he liked it.

He was as happy, care-free, and idle as the English sparrows fluttering about us.

When he left me I felt as if I had been talking with one of the birds. And as my burden returned, the affairs that weighed on me, the responsibilities and problems, I laughed outright and said:

"Why worry? Behold the fowls of the air!"

DUCKBACKERS

A DUCKBACKER is a person who goes through any experience and learns nothing from it.

The human soul feeds on events. To the soul all words, views, impressions are as water to refresh it. Yet there are those from whom all influences slide off like water from a duck's back. Hence the name, Duckbacker.

The genus Duckbacker is found in all parts of the explored world, and in Boston.

There is the Duckback Bore. He sits, he remains, he goes not. You pelt him with all manner of hints, gentle hints, small and pointed hints, hints big and obvious as shells from a Krupp. There he sits smiling. Nothing but a steam shovel will remove him.

Sensitive persons have been criticized. But I'd rather live with a Thinskinner than with a Duckbacker.

There are Duckbacker Travellers. They return from foreign parts as provincial as before they ever left Tie Siding. I knew a family once —a mother, father, and daughter; I travelled with them upon a transatlantic steamer and was

thrown with them a week in Italy; they never ceased to lament leaving Hoboken; Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, Pompeii, what were all these compared to Hoboken?

James Whitcomb Riley tells us of the man who confessed, "the more I travel round the more I hain't got no sense."

The Dial recently spoke of literary non-absorbers "who emerge from the end of a volume as little conversant with its contents as when they plunged in at the beginning."

Haven't you met those amazing book-excursionists, the Cookies of literature, who have read every author you mention, and never seem to know anything about any one of them? What a deluge of ideas they have passed through—with dry skins!

And how can people go to church so regularly and never catch any spot of greatness?

There are great big ideas booming around us all the time; but how many of us live on, in smug convention, in bomb-proof trenches, nibbling platitudes!

The wretched teacher, what can she do with her Duckbacker pupil, whom she has told the same thing forty times, yet who remains utterly unwet from her rain of information!

The Duckbackers, the Duckbackers, they invade the opera and the music never reaches them; they sit unmoved at the theatre while the actor pours

out his passion; they are impervious to the arts of love at home and to the arrows of ridicule abroad; they are not disgusted with tyrannies, not angered by injustice, not inspired by noble natures, not touched by the misery of their fellows, and it is doubtful if heaven will please them or hell scorch them.

They are armored souls, encysted brains, cravenette personalities.

Thank your stars if you have ever been soaked with an idea, drowned by a passion, swept away by an influence, drenched by pity, or dissolved by love!

Down with the Duckbackers!

WHAT WE DO NOT KNOW

We do not know what anything is. Nobody knows. Probably nobody ever will know.

We are set in a world of substances and forces which are absolutely incomprehensible. All we can do is to dodge about among them until finally our life force, which we understand not at all, ceases.

We do not know what matter is, what an atom, a molecule, or an electron is.

We do not know what electricity is. We can use it. We can adjust ourselves to the way it acts. But we can never know its entity.

The greater and more necessary a thing is the farther we come from knowing what it is. Just as the irregular verbs in a language are the most common, so the commonest factors in life are the most baffling.

For instance, nothing is more incomprehensible than LIFE. No scientist has ever yet succeeded in creating it, notwithstanding it is announced every once in a while that the experiment has been performed.

We do not know what LOVE is, though life is

valueless without it. We know its phenomena, but not itself.

We do not know what God is, nor what religion, fear, hope, courage, and goodness are.

We do not know what we ourselves are, our real person, our ego; nor whether it continues after death or goes out like a candle. We may believe, but we cannot know.

The things we positively know are all of small consequence. We know that two and two make four and similar mathematic facts. But as to the big things that make up our daily existence, they are just as strange as spooks or fevers.

Life is an art, not a science. An art is something we learn by doing; a science is something we learn by knowing.

Those who seek satisfaction, therefore, by seeking to know all are doomed to disappointment. The best things and the most useful can only be BELIEVED and USED.

You must believe your wife and your friends love you, and you must learn how to use that love. You can never know. It is not knowable.

You believe the train on which you ride will not be wrecked, you believe you will not be killed in an accident as you walk the street, you believe the food you eat is good for you, you believe the sun will rise to-morrow, you believe your business will prosper. Almost all the matters that make up your life are of belief, not knowledge.

We all live by faith. Everybody has faith in the little commonplace things. The great soul has faith in the vast invisible things and forces, such as the triumph of goodness or the invariable profit of honesty.

It is not true, therefore, that some live by faith and some by facts. The two real classes are those who live by faith in the things that make up the life of the body, and those who live by faith in the laws also of the spirit and mind.

It is not faith versus unfaith. It is little faith versus great faith.

WHY PAIN

"I BELIEVE," said a woman to me, "that when any one suffers it is because sometime, somewhere, he has done wrong."

Thus she stated a creed that is very commonly held. It is that every sin is punished. And that sort of thing they call law, inexorable law, that none can escape.

Of course any one can believe this if he wants to. This is a free country. You can believe the moon is green cheese, and no one can rob you of the blessed consolation of that faith.

But there are some of us who take no comfort in faith in alleged "facts" which are entirely without other foundation than our own credulity.

Speaking for myself, I find no such thing as punishment in nature. I find "consequences"—a wholly different matter.

As for pain, sometimes it lights upon the guilty, but quite as often it attacks the innocent.

It is not a punishment for evil. It is the result of evil, and that result may visit the guiltless while the rascal escapes.

This is so true that if you believe pain is a

judgment of the Ruler of the universe upon the lawbreaker you make that Ruler capricious and unjust. The grafter laughs and grows fat. His wretched victims shiver and hunger.

The greatest pain is vicarious. It is suffered by the guiltless for the guilty.

The criminal as a rule is too stupid or warped to experience the agony that his good mother can feel.

In the present European war the criminals (the statesmen and rulers who brought on the war) are riding around in automobiles or sipping turtle soup cosily at home; the victims in the trenches, disembowelling one another in causeless rage, are not the guilty ones. They suffer vicariously.

The fact is that the better a person is the more sensitive he becomes to the pangs of conscience. Hence while the drunken, trifling thief of a husband eats well and sleeps soundly, it is his poor wife who lies awake and has no appetite because of her torment at conditions.

Guilt as a rule is brutal, dull, hard, unfeeling. It is honesty, purity, loyalty, and integrity that have nerves.

Jesus is the type of the good man everywhere. He suffered for the sins of others.

And always it is the rule of life that the great-souled, high-natured people must take the brunt of the pain caused by the coarse and low.

Thus through pain come the outreachings of

charity, the remedy of evil conditions, the love that helps, the sympathy that redeems the world.

Pain is not punishment. It is the nerve of humanity. It is a phase of that deep law which decrees that I cannot be happy until all mankind is happy. I can have no peace in my sheltered corner until there is peace on earth, and I can enjoy no sequestered good will until there is good will to men—to the remotest corner of the globe.

Pain is the redemptive function of love.

It is not enough for me to learn that sin is ugly; my lesson is not learned until I discover that sorrow is beautiful.

In the crypt of sorrow lie the garments of majesty. Well for the soul that enters and puts them on.

A CHRISTMAS CARD

My Friend: What do I mean when I call you My Friend?

I mean that in some way in this world that seems so full of chance, yet through which I am persuaded there runs a deep and intelligent purpose, you and I have been thrown together. We came to know each other.

And when we touched, you and I, two human atoms in this big universe, we took fire a little: I liked you; you liked me. Why, none can tell; it is just one of those wondrous miracles that happen in this wondrous life.

That fire still burns in me. I want you to know I am still your friend. The sight of you this day, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, would make me happy.

I don't like to grow away from my friends. Life is so crowded and necessary business so absorbing that well beloved faces drift into the gray fog of forgotten days.

But Christmas comes and reminds me that the best part of my life consists in its friendships. So I send this to you, in the hope that you may kindle

a little to-day at the thought of me, that you may have a little wish that I were near you, and that you and I may meet at least in thought.

I am not sending you any "present." I am sending you what is better—genuine heart-throbs. They are through and through these lines. If you hold the paper close to your own breast, I am sure you can feel them.

The days when we were together, I have not lost them; they are with me now, walking through my memory, not like sad ghosts, but like smiling angels, to remind me that once I stood soul to soul with one who liked me and whom I liked, and we marched bravely and blithely a few steps in this untoward world.

Think of those days when you read this, and reach out your hand and touch mine across the distance of years and miles.

I meet enough people who do not like me nor what I do. The world has plenty of the destructive forces of envy, misunderstanding, and antipathy. Nobody gets along with everybody. But you and I belong to that great Invisible Order of Friends. We stand against the world. We feel eternity. If we do not meet in this life again, we will surely meet in the next, and on some peaceful star our laughter shall ring out free there, where there is no shadow of parting.

Then hail to you, my friend! And the best of life for you! Contentment and love be yours, and

plenty of good work to do! May your heart be always brave! May your nature grow richer in all that happens to you!

And may we meet again, and let it be soon and often, to "knit up the ravelled sleeve" of friendship!

THE TO-MORROW MIND

THE other night the workshops of Thomas A. Edison burned down, entailing a loss of millions of dollars. He is sixty-seven years old.

The same night an interviewer asked him about the catastrophe.

"I am not thinking about that now," he replied. "I am thinking of what I am going to do to-morrow."

The mind of the great achiever is a to-morrow mind.

The mind of the failure is a yesterday mind.

Which way is your face set?

If it is toward the future you are living in sunshine; for the sun always shines for to-morrow folk.

If it is toward the past you get doubt, cold, and fog; for yesterdays are always a little sad.

Life is one defeat after another. The more energy you have the more hard knocks you receive. One type of man after a blow sits down and cries; the other type wipes the blood from his face and fights on.

Walking they say is a succession of falls forward.

It is not a question of whether we shall succeed or fail. We all fail. The vital question is: What are you going to do with failure?

No rebuff can stay the indomitable soul. No triumph can stiffen the backbone of the whiner.

There are women who never rise from their first bereavement. To them loyalty means the eternal shadow. To bury the past appears to them cold and heartless. But they need to learn that the past exists but as soil from which to grow the future; the past is significant only in its bearing upon the future. The past is the dead mold; the future is the living lily.

There are few men of business who have attained success who have not had to go back and begin again many a time.

The cruelty of fate is powerless against the undaunted heart.

Mr. Edison has done the world good by his inventions; but he has served us all still more deeply by showing us a to-morrow mind, which, in the presence of a calamity that would have sent most sixty-seven-year-old minds to the scrap heap, turns smilingly to the future.

The peculiar greatness of America is in that it lives for the future, while other nations look to the past. Their pride is in their ancestry; ours in our posterity.

For to-morrow is big with promise, full of spirit ozone, strong with intellectual dynamics, rich in the elements of happiness.

Yesterday is dead.

"Let the dead bury their dead!"

THE FEAR OF FAILURE

More lives are spoiled by the Fear of Failure than by Failure itself.

Failure never necessarily hurts anybody, we can up and come again after almost any defeat; but the Fear of Failure, lurking in the blood, means inefficiency for hand, brain, and heart.

Expect to Fail. Don't be afraid of it. Every man fails. And the great Masters of the world have made the greatest Failures. Only they reformed their lines and charged again.

Who can count the humiliations to which Richard Wagner, musician in chief to mankind, was subjected! His life reads one continuous succession of defeats. The magnificent chorus of his final triumph is but sweetened by the minor chords of his suffering.

How many times did Washington fail, and Galileo, and the marvellous minded Newton! But out of their downfallings came not soreness but hardness, not tears but clenched teeth.

Just write this down in your copy book: "The right-minded man cannot fail at last."

If a man have Courage and Faith it is absolutely impossible for him to go under.

Courage for a sword and Faith for a shield can overcome any possible bad luck.

That does not mean that you will succeed in everything you undertake. It means something better than that; it means that if you fail in one thing you will be successful in other things of more worth.

I know a person who has failed to get much money and to get high place, who is unknown save in his small corner, but he is nevertheless a High Tower for help and a Wide Tree for refreshment to all who know him. He is the most profound success I know. I would rather be sought and delighted in, as he is, than to sit on a throne.

There are no failures in Nature. The dead body enriches the earth; the scattered flower petals leave the seed; the fallen forests of chiliads ago became coal; the waste of the stable is the food of the field; out of every incident of decay Nature fashions a new life force.

What happens to me is no matter. Events are of no significance. What really counts is how I digest events. It is what happens in me, not to me.

Come, folks, let us not whine any more Let us mouth no more about bad luck. Let us never again approach life's tasks with the litany of fail-

ure on our lips, saying, "I know I shall not succeed. I always fail."

But say, "I postulate myself against all turns of chance, I grasp the hand of Eternity and defy Time. My Brain, that can Think, my Heart, that can Love, and my Hands, that can Make, shall not give way nor to the decrees of Fate nor to the machinations of the Devil and all his Men.

"I am wired with God; no wind nor wave shall put out my light."

THE BUILDING OF THE SPHERE

To construct the mystical spirit sphere you must have four dimensions.

1. The first is the line, having but one dimension, length. That is right thinking. Unless there be truth, acknowledged and clung to by the mind, there can be no strong character. You must not believe a thing because it is expedient, nor because it is commanded, nor because others believe it; you must believe it for one reason only —because you are convinced that it is true. Unless your intellect is right, you can have no assurance of health, either of body or of soul.

2. The next figure is the plane, having two dimensions, length and breadth. The spiritual analogy of this is right thought plus right feeling. What was a cold mental conception now becomes warm; it has received the touch of life. To love is to live. Right passion, based on right understanding of the truth, means that to bare knowledge you have added vision, the perception of those veiled yet profoundly essential truths which can only be grasped by an intellect fired by emotion.

3. The third figure is the cube, which has three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. The cubic function of the spirit is action. Right thought first, right love second, but these are never efficient until they are expressed in right action. When a man acts upon his intelligent feeling he has become a four-square, solid being. Never till then has he real worth. Right actions react upon emotion and intelligence. If a man habitually does what he feels and knows to be right it clarifies his intellect and rids him of dangerous heresies, and also strengthens and disciplines his emotions.

4. Above these three figures, more complex and perfect than they, is the supreme shape of all —the sphere. It is mysterious. It is immeasurable. No man can construct a sphere equivalent to a given cube. He can only approximate. It is divine; for all things which the Creator makes are in curves, except certain dead things, as quartz. All cell-life structures are in curves; so also the sun and the stars. There are no square stars. The curve is the divine hall-mark. The spiritual equivalent of the sphere is—faith. Faith is not believing things that are not so, nor believing contrary to the intelligence; it is the functioning of the higher instincts of man's nature; it is the apperception of such qualities as goodness and nobleness, the realization of the power of the higher spiritual laws, such as "right

makes might," "the truth shall conquer," "love your enemies," "the meek shall inherit the earth," and similar truths, which, though they be the reliable dynamics of all progress, are yet invisible to the eye wherein is no faith.

Excellent as faith is, it is of no value unless it be the apex of right conduct, feeling and intelligence. But coming as the normal completion of these things, it makes of the human soul a sphere, perfect, solid, yet with the mystic quality of divinity.

THE SECRET OF CONTENTMENT

In a letter, with which some of my readers may be acquainted, written by Erasmus, he refers to Sir Thomas More and his house in Chelsea as follows:

"More hath built near London upon the Thames side a commodious house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough; there he converseth with his family, his wife, his son, and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man so loving to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellency of his temper that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily."

He would be a most self-esteeming author who would undertake to give a recipe universal for contentment; and yet so greatly is that quality desired among men and women that we all grasp at any hint, and follow eagerly any lead, that may give promise of our coming to it.

Look, then, at these words of Erasmus and di-

gest them well, for one great sage writes of another, and both in the narrative and its subject the hungry mind may find some toothsome crumbs of wisdom.

You will notice that More had four at least of the ingredients that make up human contentment; to wit, a competence, a large family, a loyal wife, and skill in adjustment.

First, he had money enough to live comfortably. We may preach all we please upon the advantages of poverty, but most of us are not large enough of soul, and are made of clay not heroic enough, to be able to rise above the drowning forces of penury. Plain, ordinary mortals get along best with neither bleak want nor stuffy riches. We want—just enough. And are you now, son, preparing for your harvest of contentment by diligent savings? Or are you one of those grasshopper-brained good fellows that spend all they make? Save a little every week, and thus prepare for yourself an old age "neither mean nor the subject of envy."

Second, he had a large family. On the westward slope of fifty there is no want so biting as the want of children and grandchildren, loving you with blood-love, renewing youth ever in you, and continually reviving your flagging interest in the play of life. Marry when you are young, and have all the children you can. The contentment of the solitary, selfish and childless is hollow.

Third, he had an old wife that he loved "as well as if she were a young maid." Of all the loves of earth, that which is fullest of contentment and granite happiness is the love you have grown old with.

And lastly, "whatsoever happened that could not be helped, More loved as if nothing could happen more happily." There you have the open secret of all wise men, the kernel of the Oriental pundits, the gist of the Greek philosophers, the central idea of Christ; which is, that contentment is produced in the human breast not by chafing and pulling at events and circumstances to suit them to our desires, but by so training ourselves that we may skilfully adjust ourselves to whatever happens.

NATURE

WHAT a wonderful mother is Nature!

When we come fresh from her we have a charm the like of which we have never again. We drift all our lives farther and farther away from babydom, until at last Nature removes our spoiled bodies from her garden.

She is the first of all healers. Most maladies can be cured by going back to her four strong children, Sun, Water, Air, and Land. When they take us in their arms and kiss us with their cool lips all our little heats and excesses subside and we feel the renewing flood of life.

She is the mender of all things. Give her time enough and she will cover every ugly wall with vines, close up all wounds, spread her robe of green over the unsightly earth, and ornament and beautify like a woman in a house.

She is as mute as she is wise. Her still, small voice is not for every one. It takes long and patient listening to surprise her secrets.

But once a soul comes to know them, how rich and restful they are! You cannot tell them, write them down or teach them to another. They are

too deep for language. All you can do is to say to any inquirer, "Go where I have gone; wait and listen!"

The great poet, when he has heard the wide chorus of sea-voices, that "polyphloisboio bioio" of which Homer speaks, can only write down the impotency of his expression of so vast an emotion: "Would that I could utter the thoughts that come to me!"

You look at the stars long, and you turn away baffled, as you have felt an awful, complex flood of spiritual meaning you could not understand, that leaves you vaguely disturbed, as vaguely hushed and chastened.

You look at the tree or the flower as if through a veil; some silent significance is there, but it is too subtle for our dull apprehension. Flesh and blood cannot receive it.

When you come from your day in the fields, where you have sat among untamed plant life and gazed at the shy beauty of anemone and violet, and noted the darting rabbit, the squirrel, and the bluebird, you have the impression that you have glimpsed another sphere, a totally different world from ours, inhabited by swiftly moving creatures with strange, soft voices, who are talking of affairs of the fourth dimension, of spirit matters, remote from all we know.

And perhaps the Eastern fancy of transmigration is not so far from the mark, you say to your-

self, and "the life beyond" may be that life of the wild things of the woods, of the insects of the air, or of the fish in the waters. Sometimes we sense in them a shadow of great affairs, of a society and business as full of interest as our human life, yet shut off from us by doors not to be opened.

Except by death! Who knows, said a philosopher, if after all life may be a dream and death an awakening?

For death is a part of Nature's programme. She has fixed it for all living creatures, so it must be good. Since Nature manifestly means so well, as we see in a thousand ways, does it not argue that her crowning gift, death, is not cruel, but very kind, the most motherly of all her acts; as if we, like little chicks, crawled back under the soft feathers of her breast?

All I am and have comes from Nature; why should I protest when she takes me and mine back to her mysterious house?

ALLOWANCE

In all mortal affairs you have to make allowance. To be practical you must figure on anything being a little too long or a little too big. Nothing fits perfectly, except on paper, in theory.

If you set aside $2,000 to buy an automobile it will probably cost you $2,500 by the time you have procured a new dufunny for the thingumajig and the necessary golf clubs that always go with the Jones-Johnson type of differentiated, reversible, stem-winding carburetor. At least that is what the auto man says, and he doesn't laugh while he's saying it, either.

If you get a piece of wood to go under the piano leg to keep the instrument from wobbling you always have to whittle it or get a larger piece.

When you order a roast from the butcher you must buy several pounds more than is needed for the company. Hash for breakfast is saving the margin.

If it takes four yards of goods to make a dress you have to get four yards and a half.

Around every house the carpenters are building, are scantling ends, laths, chips, and shavings.

The stone cutter's yard is ankle deep with debris.

If a locomotive is to exert normally ten thousand horsepower it must be constructed with a capacity for fifteen thousand.

You cannot put the ends of a railway directly in contact, you must leave a little room for the rails to "crawl."

Your bureau drawers will not work if they cannot play.

Neither can you get along with folks unless there is room to rattle a bit. Have rules for your children, of course, but give them a little leeway. If they are to be abed by 8, don't get cross if they run over to 8.15.

Be punctual, but not too blamed punctual. There is nothing that makes most men madder than a brass-bound, ground-glass stopper, officious, and pugnacious virtue.

We all relish a little naughtiness and waywardness now and then, because it shows that the offender is not screwed up too tight, and is not liable to get a hot box.

In everything, except possibly corsets, there should be room.

Let there be a marginal hour or two in your day, a little leisure intermixed with your work. Don't allow yourself to be always pressed up to the limit.

And when you love do not measure or econ-

omize. In love, if nowhere else, the more you waste the more you have.

To be a little kind you must be kind a hundred times where it is not appreciated.

To save one innocent man the law must let ten guilty ones escape.

To be human you must make allowance. And there is nothing better than being human.

COMING DOWN AND GIVING UP

THE other day Herman Auerbach of New York murdered with a rifle his wife and his two daughters. Then he stretched himself out upon his own bed beside his dead wife and blew his head to bits. His deed was due, say the newspapers and the police, to the loss of his property; he was once rich and found himself growing poor; he preferred death to penury, both for himself and his family.

This is a sharp-pointed instance of a very common delusion. There are thousands, rich and poor, who share the poison belief of this unfortunate man.

Briefly stated, the wretched creed is that it is not LIFE that matters, but STATION IN LIFE. Ruskin called attention to this.

Men and women seem to care little for life, handling it loosely and throwing it away often in the most amazing folly. They take chances gayly. They hear of railway wrecks, fires, and automobile disasters with indifference. They buy food blindly from food poisoners, take the unknown drugs they see advertised, and disregard the plain

precautions of health. Men fling themselves by troops into battle, all the while knowing nothing of what it is all about. In mines and factories life is cheap.

But station in life is quite another matter. To move from a fine house into a cheap flat; to come down from silks and diamonds to ready-made suits; to drop from $10,000 to $1,000 a year—these are considered more bitter tragedies than death.

The trouble with ignoble souls is that they can GIVE UP, but they cannot COME DOWN, as the country parson says.

Yet one has not learned the first lesson in the art of living if he cannot adjust himself, as the player of his role, to whatever scene fate shifts for him.

I know of no spectacle so pathetic as that of the multitudes who are struggling to keep up their position. Poor climbers!

When pride keeps the house heartbreak dwells in it.

How many a home is tormented, miserable, anxious, because above love and joy and laughter is set "Keeping Up with the Joneses!"

I never hear that dreadful explanation, "You know we have to live in this neighborhood and keep up this house, wear such clothes, and keep an automobile, to keep up with our station in life," without a chill going down my spine.

Thank God, I have no friends that are ashamed to come to see us in our small apartment! And those who would be attracted by a more expensive place I do not care to cultivate. I know enough snobs now to last me the rest of my days.

Why should any of us be afraid of a little poverty? It is no killing matter.

And I know some perfectly beautiful souls who never began to be great until they ceased climbing and learned to come down.

And when they came down they did not GIVE UP; they ROSE UP, faced reverses with stout hearts, and Misfortune, who is always a coward and a bully, turned tail and ran from them.

SUNSHINE

Of all gifts of nature to man the most blessed, rich, and beautiful is sunshine.

Through my window comes a broad stream of it; the whole chamber is filled with its spirit; upon the floor it lies, a patch of aerial gold. It is full likewise of fancies, suggestions, dream-seeds.

It is that which makes flowers. The red rose is a drop of its blood. The Easter lily is its smile. The heliotrope is the sweetness of its breath. The violet, a hidden whisper of blue under a green leaf, is its girlish modesty.

Trees are its fountain-play. All vines, bushes, jungles, and leaf-tangles are veils of it, bridal veils of earth wedded to sky.

It is power. By it the ocean mounts to heaven, and becomes cloud, whence descend rains. It is the dynamic of waterfalls, running rivers, tides, and all water forces.

It congealed into coal ages ago; and from coal come now the energies of this era of steam. Express trains, ocean liners, factories, automobiles, trolley cars, all expressions of energy lie in my

shaft of sunshine. Without it they would not exist.

It is the lover and husband of the earth. So comes the blushing spring with innumerable charms, and the fecund summer, and the health and fulness of men.

It kisses the grapes and they swell with purple beauty, the apples and they lusciously redden, the orange and the pomegranate till they hang like glowing festal lamps among the foliage.

When it lies on broad seas they smile and send their lustre to other planets; when it lies upon the land it breaks forth in green fire.

No less is its message to the hearts of men. Its brilliancy and warmth are transmuted into spiritual cheer and the energy of creative will.

All the mystic recesses of the soul respond to it. Fears flee, as bats from light-flooded caves. Apprehensions, morbidities, premonitions, and all leaden glooms melt from the inner sky, the mind becomes a daisied meadow, with larks singing.

It calls women and men and little children out from their closed houses into the open. They laugh at play and sing at labor. They become beautiful one to the other. They love and embrace.

The sunshine is love-liquor; the whole earth is drunk with it.

The young lambs leap up "with all four feet at once." The colts frisk. The dogs bark and

scamper. The trees become orchestral stalls of singing birds.

Sunlight! the symbol of all things desirable, of freedom, of winged thoughts, of passion, of life itself! Let it fill my famished eyes, my brain, my soul! Let my flesh feel it, my bones warm with it, my blood leap beneath it, my soul drink faith from it!

So long as the sun shines we must all believe in the Eternal Goodness.

EASTER AND THE DEAD ONES

THE dead are not those who lie in the graveyard.

We call them dead, but we do not understand anything about their present condition. For all we know, they may be more alive now than ever. They may have just entered into life.

The real dead ones are walking all around us. They meet us in the family, in social gatherings, in business; the streets are full of them.

They laugh and talk, they eat and drink, they gesticulate; but it is all an illusion; they are dead.

Death is a relative term. A man is dead more or less, to the degree to which his nature has ceased to function.

One man is dead to love. The fires of lust have consumed his power to have genuine loyal affection. He has killed his love-power. He is a grinning corpse. He is a beast; the man in him is ashes.

Another is dead to beauty. The sunshine sings to him in vain. The exquisite charm of light and shade, of form and color, that plays around us all constantly like a full orchestra, does

not exist for him. The world to him is a penitential cell.

Another is dead to humanity. The subtle appeal of all things human does not find him. "Man delights him not, nor woman neither." He is absorbed in the service of the wooden gods of business, of physical gratification, of ambition; or he is drugged with the nepenthe of continuous amusement.

This woman, bedizened for her social activities, seems alive, but she goes her empty round as a squirrel in its revolving cage. She is deeply weary. Her lips are dry. Her heart is bitter. Death has marked her.

Life is measured by our ability to respond to our environment.

We are alive according to our power to eat the world and men and events as they come to us, to assimilate them, and to gather strength and joy from them.

We are dead when they eat us, when they devitalize and corrode us, when they continually take something out of us.

And what do you get from the Infinite? Only fear, a shudder, horror? Do you dodge daily that into which eventually your life must slip?

Or do you daily take deep draughts of the Infinite? Is it a hidden spring at which you drink, a secret food that feeds life?

Let us live! "Let the dead bury their dead!"

The real test of life is the amount of radiant energy you possess. "These failure-people," says Dr. Julia Seton, "are depressed below the level of universal life, like the Dead Sea; yet all the while within their own being are lying dormant the possibilities of the life-more-abundant and the success that comes from this life."

It is Easter time. The grasses are upspringing. The birds return. The annual miracle is here. New life is entering into all things. Is it entering into you?

IS GOD GOOD?

"DEAR Sir—I would like to ask you which has greater love for mankind: the father and mother who brought us into this world, and who deny themselves even the most absolute necessities in order that we may have the best they can give us, even depriving themselves of the very last morsel of bread rather than that their loved ones should suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst; or the HEAVENLY FATHER who, from the boundless supplies which we are taught are His to command, in millions of cases of dire necessity and starvation is known to have withheld His divine power to assuage the sufferings of those children, men and women, whom He claims to love so much more than we poor, sinful mortals can love?"

This letter I lately received. It is a very real problem that is presented, shared by numberless mortals. It is also a very old one; Archbishop Whately called the presence of evil and pain in the world "the problem of the ages."

The gist of the question is: How can a good God allow human suffering? How can He permit such monstrous cruelties as the present war?

The answer of every clear mind to this is, "I

don't know." That there is a kindly disposed Ruler of the universe is not a matter of knowledge, but of belief. It is not knowable, but it is believable.

There are many phases of life which would lead us to believe that the Creator is unjust or indifferent. My correspondent has his mind upon one of these phases. All disease, agony, disappointment, and death seem to argue a World Ruler who is not wholly kind.

But on the other hand there is evidence to outweigh this. The whole range of life is set to joy. The keeping of Nature's laws is attended by pleasure. The progress of evolution is toward less misery and more justice and joy among men. All who can take the larger view of things believe that the great Disposer of Destiny is good and benevolent. Every great poet sings this.

We are then forced to conclude that if God is good, and if evil and suffering are yet existent, then somehow, what we call evil must be in reality a part of the general scheme of good. While our moral instincts will not permit us to call evil good, yet we are driven to believe that the good Ruler has in His mind some plan wherein so-called evil has a place; very much as is intimated by the Bible saying, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him"; or by Tennyson's verse:

> Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

In brief, we are compelled by the balance of evidence to believe (1) that there is a God, (2) that He is good, and (3) that what we call evil is not comprehensible now to us, and only seems cruel on account of our limited intelligence.

If we understood all that God does, He would not be God.

Belief that, in spite of all, God is good, gives us courage, hope, cheer, and poise; it develops the higher side of our life. Hence large natures have faith.

Belief that there is no God, or that He is indifferent to human suffering, or banishing the idea of God as far as possible out of our thought, invariably stifles our better nature, and we tend to grow gross and materialistic, to exaggerate the sensual pleasures, to doubt the binding nature of moral convictions, and altogether to coarsen ourselves and cheapen life. Hence skepticism makes us small.

To believe that God is unjust or tyrannical makes men bitter, reckless, and unhappy.

A sane, well-balanced man, therefore, will seek to believe in a good God, and, although confused by the existence of sorrow and wrong, will suspend his judgment on this, knowing that his vision is imperfect, thus obeying the hint of Jesus:

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

"INVICTUS"

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

"Beyond the place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

ONE of the greatest poems in any language is this by William Ernest Henley.

There are differing standards of greatness. Some judge a poem by its sound, its euphonious vowels, the perfection of its rhythm and rhyme, its lilt, its peculiar fascination for the ear; some

by its originality, some by its quaintness, its unusual form; some by its fidelity to classic models, and so on.

I give first rank to Henley's poem because, first, of the importance of its message. It is a trumpet call to the life forces of us; it arouses the soul's reserves. It appeals to the very manliest thing in man, that thing in him which Carlyle terms "The Everlasting No."

After all, any piece of literature stands or falls by its thought contents, by its inspirational power. David's verse, for instance, "The Lord is My Shepherd," is greater than all or any of the ingenious rhymes of Swinburne or the sounding Alexandrines of Corneille, because the images called up by it are more majestic and awaken the mind to see more amazing and more affecting visions.

The choice of words, the literary workmanship of "Invictus," however, is faultless.

There are happy phrases of the unforgettable kind. "Whatever gods there be" is a challenge to all the unknown powers. "My unconquerable soul" epitomizes the whole right feeling of self-confidence. "My head is bloody but unbowed" is a sharply drawn picture of the undaunted self. "The menace of the years" visualizes the whole terror of apprehension, of presentiment. And the last two lines are pure gold.

I wish that every discouraged struggler in the

battle for existence might learn these verses by heart; that you, tired and hungry, as you sit on your bedside to-night in your mean hall bedroom, might say them over before you go to sleep.

I would that every tempted woman might repeat these words every day as she looks at herself in the mirror.

I would that every man and woman who is face to face with the gaunt wolf of poverty might speak to the beast in these brave words.

I would that every soul in despair who feels the clouds of failure settling down upon him would utter these mighty syllables as an incantation to disperse the gloom and bring the sun back.

If I could write these verses on the walls of every mind that contemplates suicide I would do more good than if I gave the gold of a benevolent Crœsus.

If I could breathe this poem into the hearts of all those who contemplate the desperation of crime I would be the greatest of all benefactors.

Would that I had a Gabriel's horn, whose tones would reach the whole army of the defeated, the sad, the morbid, the wretched and afraid! I would summon them again to the firing line of effort, to the heroic attack of life upon the dreaded forces of surrender and death.

Learn this poem. Store it in your heart. Say it to yourself. And it will mean more to you than all the money in all the banks of the world.

SHADOWS

SHADOWS are made by light. Only when the sun shines in the field, only when the lamp is lit in the house, do the shadows appear.

Be comforted, then. You would not have those strong glooms if there were no bright joy-sun somewhere. You never feel sin until the idea of righteousness rises in you. You would not be cursed with fear had you no courage, for fear is the shadow of courage, as guilt is the shadow of integrity.

Far from proving the absence of light, the shadow proves within you a bright self-esteem.

Though shadow is cast by substance, yet we learn of substance by shadow. This is Plato's conceit, who said that human beings are as men in a cave, with their backs to the light, who obtain all their knowledge of reality from the shadows falling on the wall before them.

So on the soul's surface float the reflections of the universe, as trees and clouds are mirrored on the lake. The only way I know there exist such things as sun and house and book and you is that

over my spirit pass your images. I am a watcher by the pool; the pool is my own soul. I am a crystal-gazer; my own soul is the crystal.

What we call our opinions are but shadows of things. And a fact falls long and slantwise on me because my sun is westerly, and short and dark upon you for yours is noonday.

Why should we quarrel and argue about differences of conviction? Let us move until we stand in the same relative position toward the light; then only shall we agree.

The thing stands still; the shadow moves. If I stand erect all day in the street my shadow will circle around me, contra-dancing to the sun. Thus do opinions change. My views at twenty are strangely unlike my views at forty. I have not changed; the facts have not changed; our relation has changed.

A student asked a professor what a sine is. The professor answered that a sine isn't anything at all; it is a relation between things. So is our knowledge.

The spirit of man is a candle of the Lord, said the prophet. Hope is the undimmed gleam forward of this candle. Despair means that some curtain of doubt has been let down before it.

Death is the photo-screen at the end of this earthly life! What moving pictures the soul's candle casts upon it! What are yours? Darkness, clouds, confusion? Or life more abundant,

the knitting up of severed friendships, beauty, and power in continuance?

I sent my soul throughout the invisible
Some secret of that after life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me
And whispered I myself am heaven and hell.

WHY IS MARRIAGE A BORE?

THAT marriage is too often a bore there can be little doubt. Many a couple simply endure each other's society because they are afraid to separate, afraid of social disgrace or afraid from economic reasons. Many live in constant friction or in subdued misunderstanding. Many alternate between uxoriousness and contention.

The reason is not far to seek. What makes marriage, in the first place? Illusion! And it is illusion that is indispensable to its happy continuance.

We go about to find other causes for our disagreement. He neglects her, she nags him, he is stingy, she is extravagant, and all that. It is all aside from the main trouble, which is that intimacy has been allowed to tear aside all the veils; all the mystery and poetry and enchantment has been profanely butchered, and we call the desolation "common sense."

The Catholic teaching that marriage is a sacrament is right, in its deeper significance. The union of man and woman is only redeemed from being beastly by the element of loyalty and devo-

tion. It is when the sense of "till death do us part" is in both hearts that there is any true marriage. In other words, it is "true love" and not "love" that men and women seek.

Now, it is essential to any divine thing that it be full of mystery. When you know it all, when there is no more wonder and a feeling of the infinite and unknown in it, then comes disgust. That is why it is a sin to worship an idol of wood or stone; there is no vagueness in it; it is vulgarly knowable.

Hence it is that the woman who persists in "telling the truth" to her husband about himself, who picks out his flaws and exhibits them, who magnifies his limitations, and altogether ruthlessly exposes his shortcomings, is murdering love. And the man who ceases the pardonable flattery and praise he bestowed upon the woman in the days of courtship, and boasts of telling her only "the truth," is sowing the seed of boredom and alienation.

Only persistent seeking for the good in your wife or husband, continual mentioning of it, and repression of all personal criticism, can save a marriage. Human nature wants an atmosphere of appreciation, of praise, of love and devotion. If you do not care to take a life contract to supply that, don't get married.

Many a woman has committed suicide as to her love and happiness by her fatal cleverness or

murderous conscientiousness. Many a man has taken pride in driving all the fairies and dreams and sentiment from his hearthstone, and found himself in a hell of boredom.

"When there is no vision the people perish." When there is no love in marriage there is loathing.

Love is a tender plant. As well expect a rose-bush to grow and bloom without sun and soil and water as to expect love to flourish without appreciation and praise, and without careful refusal to deal in those "truths" which are but ashes and a scorching wind to love.

THE MONEY MYTH

If there is any one truth among the vital truths of life that hide themselves as gravitation and steam and the other natural forces so long hid themselves, and one truth that needs to be brought to light for the help and guidance of men, it is that the ultimate treasure in any man's possession is his personal character, and that the net result of any man's final effect upon the world is measured solely by the influence of his personality.

Beside the net result upon the world of what a man IS, what a man HAS is of small importance. The whole gospel of the power of wealth, and of the ability of a person to push mankind up or down, to save or to ruin, by means of money and the power of money, is fallacious.

Money can do many things; it has its peculiar dynamic; but in the making of the world better, in the increase of conscience power, of ethical energy, it counts not at all.

Your first impulse will be to deny this, to declare it a crazy creed. For you live in an age that deifies money. All the human creatures

around you are working for it. The great ones of earth seem to be those who have heaps of it. And every church, college, and eleemosynary institution is on its knees before it.

It is natural that you should think that if you had a billion dollars you could do an incalculable amount of good. But you are mistaken. The sum total of your good-doing capacity lies in your naked soul.

In fact, if you are going into the "uplift" business the nearer you come to having nothing at all the surer is the probability of your success.

Read your history. The three greatest figures of spiritual potency in Christian records are Jesus, Saint Paul, and Saint Francis of Assisi. They had to go into poverty to get power. So did Buddha. Compare these with the wealth-holders, from Midas and Crœsus, the Medici and the Fuggers, down to the Rothschilds and the American plutocrats.

The hurt of the world cannot be poulticed by money. The progress of mankind cannot be aided by money.

Truth cannot be advanced nor hindered by money. It moves in the hearts of the people, and the only power that can aid or impede it is Man-Power.

Your notion that you "could do so much good if only you had money" is an error. All the good you can possibly do lies in you, in your spirit.

You could produce some happiness or misery by money; you might relieve conditions here and there; but no real good was ever done people that they did not do for themselves, and the only way to "do good" is to induce the people, and to show them the way, to do it for themselves.

Feudalism, paternalism, and the like are as specious in morals as in politics. Democracy is more terribly true in the moral realm than in the political.

You may produce a temporary flush of welfare, of moral force, and of good by the money pill; but the reaction is always sad.

If you would be "great," and if you seek the heights of moral leadership, you must obey the suggestion of the greatest Teacher that ever lived; and I assure you His words are just as true in America as in Galilee, in the twentieth century as in the first.

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor yet staves."

It is the men who obeyed this that transformed the world. It is the institutions that thought they were wiser and shrewder than this that have clogged the world.

PEGS AND HOLES

THERE is no single thing so much needed to insure the happiness of mankind, also its efficiency and progress, as some scheme to get every human being in the environment best suited to his needs.

There are too many square pegs in round holes, and round pegs in square holes. Hence so many botched tasks and fretful souls and such widespread irksomeness.

Let us not be ungrateful to Mr. Carnegie for his libraries and peace foundations, to Mr. Rockefeller for his university, to Mr. Gescheidt for his endowed bread line, and to all and sundry persons who living or dying devote large sums to schools, hospitals, museums, churches, and charities. As the manager out west appeared upon the stage and requested the audience to refrain from shooting at the pianist, as he was doing the best he could, so it behooves us not to throw things at the philanthropists unless we are prepared to do a better job.

But, as we walk up and down the ways of men, we can but wonder why somebody does not go at

the real thing that ails the world; which he might do by securing for each individual the work in life he can do best.

The average parent, prompted by pardonable solicitude, earnestly tries to impose his own notions upon the young. Instead of studying the child to see what the Creator intended him to do, he makes the child study him.

The average school has a ready-made curriculum, a mould into which the young mind is forced.

Absolutely the most valuable element in the child is his individuality. If he ever is to excel it will be by developing that. Yet it seems to be the custom of the guardians of youth to call his idiosyncrasy sin, obstinacy, and other hard names, and to call his willingness to give up his inborn bent, goodness.

How many a born farmer is keeping books in a bank, how many a born musician is looking after the house or running a grocery, how many a born philosopher, or writer, or dramatist is grinding away at making money, and how many a born business man is preaching or teaching or trying to write!

There are plasterers that ought to be tailors, and plumbers that ought to be gardeners, and bankers that ought to be stone-masons. And how rarely does the born statesman get into the Senate!

The world is not lazy. No man is lazy when

he finds his decreed work. He would rather do that than eat. The trouble is that we are misfits.

Don't ask me how we are going to remedy it. I don't know.

But I have an idea that in time we are going to work out a better system than the present one. Some day we shall brush away privilege, and the wage system, and artificial distinctions, and prejudices, and hand-me-down schools and colleges, and consult only justice, reason and common sense; and then maybe we shall come nearer getting square pegs into square holes and round pegs into round holes. Perhaps.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF PROPERTY

JUST where the fiction arose and fastened itself upon the human race, that a man has a right to control his property even after he is dead, history does not state.

Doubtless the idea antedates history. Mankind seems to have started out with a large equipment of "divine rights," which it has clung to like a pup to an overshoe, and has let go of only when half choked to death.

There was the divine right of kings over subjects, of the nobility and aristocracy of one kind or another over the common run, of ecclesiastics over the laity, of men over women, of masters over slaves, of people of one color over people of another color, and, last and bulldoggedest, the divine right of property.

The last named right carries with it the privilege of controlling what was yours when you are at rest in your mausoleum and when the goods and chattels are in the hands of some one else.

It used to be a deal worse than now. It has eased up a lot, under the merciless corrosion of

intelligence, in place of superstition, applied to human affairs.

The right of entail, whereby a man dictated the disposition of his lands and titles forever, has been clipped, and now it is pretty generally the rule that the dead man's hand can only keep its hold for about twenty-one years or so.

It is still true, however, that a wealthy harness-maker or note-shaver can endow a school for teaching the most outlandish piffle and the courts will uphold him. Vast sums are constantly being settled upon institutions for the obstruction of human progress. We are still ruled largely from the grave.

If a man leaves no will his property goes to his heirs. And to a man from Mars the right of an heir is one of the most amusing freaks of the thing called law.

For instance, a vaudeville artist named Harry Fragson was killed the other day by his father in a fit of jealous anger. The lawyers seriously debated whether the son's money (and he was rich) did not go by inheritance to the father who murdered him.

But the wildest vagaries of common sense could hardly exceed the picturesque tomfoolery of the divine right scheme. For example, a man in Paris by the name of Bioux died recently and left a will. His body was to be buried in a strange tomb he had built, ornamented by pictures of

saints, hunting dogs and shotguns, as his ruling passions had been piety and hunting.

The coffin was to be placed upon a revolving disc, with a crank on the outside with which to turn it. His heirs were to go and work the crank and turn the disc every so often, on penalty of losing the inheritance. Bioux did not want to be forever motionless. At stated times, therefore, his heirs work the crank-handle, to the great diversion of the bystanders.

Mr. Gescheidt endowed a bread-line.

Hicks left his money to a college where mathematics could be taught only by Baptists.

GET OFF THE KITTEN'S TAIL

WHO originated the story I do not know. It comes to me from Dr. Percy S. Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, in New York, as reported in the *Outlook*. But it is a good one.

A tender-hearted lady rushed to stroke and pat a stray kitten which had sought refuge in the house from the merciless street. But the more she petted the more the kitty writhed, meowed and spat. The lady could not understand the ungratefulness of the animal, until a bystander pointed out to her that while she was caressing the kitten's head she was all the while standing on its tail.

Hæc fabula docet lots.

It shows why the intelligent poor fail to throw their hats into the air in enthusiasm for the charities and philanthropies that have been handed them, in the name of the Lord and of the corporation, so long as they are smarting under the conviction that they are being robbed of just wages and fundamental rights.

It shows why wives often fail in gratitude to their liege lords for food, clothes, jewels, and

housing, while from them are withheld the weightier matters of love and a decent respect for their personality and opinions.

It shows why children are ungrateful to parents who shower gifts and luxuries upon them, but never give them a chance to do as they please a bit.

It shows why the church somehow fails to be duly thanked for its zeal to "save" men, because of its zeal in restricting and dominating men.

It shows how the governing classes of the old world, the nobles and kings, find the populace and its parliaments continually rebellious and complaining. "Have we not done wonderful charities and given great largess?" say the privileged ones. But they do not notice where their foot is.

Some day we are going to find out that what the world of common men want is not kindness, charity, philanthropy, and the like; they first want JUSTICE, A SQUARE DEAL, and THE ABOLITION OF UNEARNED PRIVILEGE.

They do not want so much to be patted on the head; they want you to take your foot off their tail.

ON THE DEATH OF A GOOD WOMAN

SHE is dead. As in the case of all whom we knew to be intensely alive, we cannot make it real. Nothing can convince us, in our inner consciousness, that she is not by, and may not any moment come in upon us.

I shall set down no facts of her life. In the presence of the great eternities of her character and of her life now in the heavens, the commonplace items of the date and place of her birth and the incidents of her career seem to fade and make no matter.

Rather let us recall those traits of soul whereby she appealed to us, and revealed to us the richness of our common humanity.

First of all, she was brave. This was the key to her life.

All the old enemies of soul met her and had their way with her. She met them as a good soldier. Not that she was hard and stoical, nor did she take the usual refuge of small natures in bitter cynicism. She suffered keenly. When she was smitten she was in exquisite pain.

But the pain to her was a call to arms. She

rallied. She had many resources. She was cast down, but never defeated.

Because she was, in the centre of her life, brave-souled, she was cheerful. She carried high every day the flag of hope and courage; all about her took heart to see her.

She was gay and debonair as the last warrior on the battlefield.

She wrung out her heart in silent agony, in terrible asides, and came back to us smiling and unafraid again.

She was good. Not in any unreal or artificial piety, but good in the deep strength of the fundamental virtues that make women great.

Her goodness lay in the strength of her humanities. Her love was strong, even violent, but beautiful because it was loyal.

Her purity was not circumstantial; it was instinctive.

Her kindness was sweetly unreasonable. There was no method in it; it simply pushed her to continuous thoughtfulness and helpfulness. Whatever or whoever was weak or unfortunate, or treated unjustly, was a challenge to her, which she took up instantly.

Her heart was very great and wide. Whoever lodged there never was cast out. She was almost stubborn and over-brave in her loyalties.

The deep sanctities of her nature were not the kind that led to pedestals and isolation; they were

the kind to live with. They who saw her daily, and to whom she uncovered her secret thoughts and wants, were they who loved her most.

I can say no better thing of any person than what I can say of her, that she was the sort of human being you would turn to in any trouble, whether you were sinner or sinned against, and be sure of welcome and defense in her.

She loved life, loved pretty things, loved genuine and honest people, loved fine action, loved all that gives color and richness to life. Her soul was in no sense anæmic. It was red-blooded.

We cannot think her dead. All that great current of human feeling and purpose must live on —somewhere. She has added, by her passing, to the reality of that unknown home whither she has gone, and whither we are moving surely.

The only real proof of immortality is love, for love alone grasps the majesty and essential indestructibility of human life. Another reason for believing in a heaven, where the crooked things of life are made straight, and where the injustice of life is smoothed into perfect equity, is that she has gone there.

She is dead. We love her still and will always. Hence she lives and awaits us. This is the argument of the heart, many times more convincing than any reasoning of the brain.

She is gone; gone like a sweet ship that we

watch through tear-misty eyes as it sails out into the vast sea.

But what freight of hope and faith she carries! We stand upon the pier and wave her good-by, and shout till she can hear no more:

"Good-by! We will see you soon!"

PROFESSIONALISM

When the policeman raises his hand at the street crossing, teams stop, automobiles put on the brakes, pedestrians stand still; for it is not the man, but the blue coat that carries authority.

The conductor on the train and the captain on the ship speak and are obeyed, because behind them are the company and the law.

When the parson performs the marriage ceremony, it is the church that is behind his words and gives them impressiveness.

When the teacher gives a command, it is the state that issues its orders to the little boy.

Back of the physician, when he looks wise and says "Here, take this and lie still!" is the imposing medical profession.

Everybody loves to command and to be obeyed. Something in us all is tickled by "a little brief authority."

That is the reason there is so much professionalism in the world.

That is why, from the martinet school teacher and parent to the strutting major general, and

the ponderous bishop, there is so much petty tyranny and sly cruelty.

That is why there are so many people on earth from whom we pray the good Lord to deliver us.

The institution is a grand thing. It carries a weight no man can carry. It is an exaggerated compound ego that crushes the individual.

When a man lets his uniform sink into his soul he ceases to be a man and becomes a cog.

The little soul swells itself up with the importance of the institution it represents.

The great and lovable soul strives to conceal the fact that it represents an institution and to emphasize the fact that it is human.

So the best physician is the one who is a kind and helpful man; the best priest is the one that is the most human; the best policeman is the one who remembers he is first of all a man; the best parent is the one who covers up his authority, and the best teacher is the one who is a sympathetic friend.

Beware of professionalism, for it is the curse of small natures.

Be real, be genuine, be human. Never want any more respect for yourself than your own character and person can win.

A great portion of that pile of misery that burdens the people of earth is caused by impersonality, the heartlessness of officialdom, the coldness of office, the pettiness of professionalism.

"Men," said Rousseau, "be human! It is your first duty."

In the literature announcing Fraternity Day in connection with the Knights of Pythias celebration in Chicago, I find these four pregnant propositions on the subject of "Fraternity, and What Can You Do With It?"

"You can teach men to think more of their religion than they think of their churches.

"You can teach men to think more of their education than they think of their colleges.

"You can teach men to think more of their fraternity than they think of their lodges.

"You can teach men to think more of humanity than they think of their nationalities."

FACTS AND ALCOHOL

We have done more loose talking and indulged in more childish reasoning about this drinking matter than about any other thing that is an issue of life and death.

It is not a debatable question, what alcohol does to you. The facts and the laws that govern them are as absolute as the facts and laws in a chemical laboratory.

Of course, old man Perkins, who just died at the age of ninety-nine over on Bitter Creek, used to drink a pint of whiskey every day. And Bill Simmons, the hardware man, says that his uncle, Judge Simmons of Kentucky, takes his nip regularly and is sound as a dollar at seventy-seven. And the barkeeper urges you to "come on, have another, a little won't hurt you." And the Germans consume floods of beer—and now look at them, fighting the world. And all the boys drink and have a good time. And then there are the French and Italians taking wine at their meals, and the husky Britishers consuming Scotch and Polly.

If you prefer to risk your life on this kind of rumor and slop talk, you may do so.

But you don't have to. It is not necessary to take a gambler's chance.

The people best qualified perhaps to tell you about how long you may be expected to live are the life insurance people. The Association of Life Insurance Presidents held their eighth annual meeting the other day. Mr. Arthur Hunter, of the medical department, made an address.

He indulged in no arguments nor hearsay, but gave some FACTS, FACTS ON WHICH THE COMPANIES DO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF BUSINESS. He gave infallible figures, based on the cases of 2,000,000 men and women insured in the past twenty-five years with forty-three leading American life insurance companies.

These statistics show that consistent users of alcoholic drinks die six years younger than they should.

One-time consistent drinkers, who reformed before they took out life insurance policies, die four years younger than they should.

These life insurance men are not prohibitionists, cranks nor white-ribboners. They are hard-headed business men.

Isn't it queer that in making money men go after the facts and are not led away by sentiment,

while in saving one's health and life we listen to any old granny tale we may be told.

Hence, son, you let alcohol alone! It never did anybody any good as a steady beverage.

You can find physicians who do not condemn it, but you cannot find a scientist who will not tell you it is plain poison.

If you drink at all go to the facts and draw your own conclusions from them—and not from what you hear about Sam Jenkins's wife's second cousin.

DAY AND NIGHT

WHY not slide the day's programme back about five hours?

This suggestion is based upon the superior life-value of the early morning hours. The world can do more and better work from 5 to 12 in the morning than from 5 in the afternoon to midnight.

Besides, daylight fun is more wholesome than gaslight fun.

You cannot find anybody with whom to do business until 10 o'clock or so in the downtown offices, as things are to-day. Let us get down to work at 7 A. M., and quit for the day at noon or 1 P. M.

Let us have theatres and concerts and parties in the afternoon instead of at night.

When dark comes let us go to bed.

This is entirely impractical, impossible. Hence most to be desired. The impossible is always more fascinating than the possible.

How did we come to sleep all morning and sit up all night? Why have we reversed Nature and artificialized our whole social structure? And

why is it considered common, bourgeois and undistinguished to get up with the sun, and upper-tennish and hilarious to get up with the moon?

Think also of economy! How many oodles of dollars we squander in electricity, gas, and kerosene, so that we may poke around in the dark, when the Creator gives us for nothing an infinitely better light by day!

What a twisted old world it is! Let's you and me set it right.

But some man will say, how?

It is the simplest thing imaginable. We will call a meeting. At the meeting we will draft resolutions. Then we will appoint a committee. Then we will secure the names of a number of prominent people as honorary vice-presidents and as an advisory board. Then we will take up a collection.

That's all. Then we can go home and think how easy reform is, after all.

BEN FRANKLIN ON SUNSHINE

I HAVE received the following letter which caused me so much pleasure that I pass it on to my readers:

"Dear Sir—Apropos of your article 'Day and Night,' some time ago I read an article by the great Franklin, king of American humorists, present, past, and future. The article is supposed to be sent in the form of a letter to the Paris *Journal* and is entitled 'An Economical Project.' ('Elegant Extracts From the Most Eminent Prose Writers,' Book X., Pages 160 to 166. J. Sharp, Piccadilly, C. Whittingham, Printers, London.) He talks of a discovery made for which he (Franklin) demands 'neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. And yet I know there are little envious minds who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known by ancients, and perhaps bring passages out of the old books in proof of it.

" 'I will not dispute with these people that the ancients knew not that the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, al-

manacs that predicted it. But it does not follow from thence that they knew "HE GAVE LIGHT AS SOON AS HE ROSE." This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it might have been long since forgotten, for it certainly is unknown to the Parisians.

" 'I say it is impossible that so sensible a people under such circumstances should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing.'

"Your remedy is to call a meeting. Franklin had, to my point of reasoning, a more effective way of setting it right. In fact, he proposed the following regulations:

" 'First—Let a tax be laid of a louis per window on every window that is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun.

" 'Second—Let guards be placed in the shop of the wax and tallow chandlers and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than a pound of candles per week.

" 'Third—Let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, etc., that would pass the street after sunset, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives.

" 'Fourth—Every morning as soon as the sun rises let all the bells in every church be set ringing, and if that is not sufficient let cannon be fired

in every street to wake the sluggards effectually and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.'

"All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days, after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity, for 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.' Oblige a man to rise at 4 in the morning and it is more probable he shall go willingly to bed at 8 in the evening.

"I am sincerely yours,
PETER FRANZONE."

LABORER AND ARTIST

You can do work in one of two ways, as a laborer or as an artist.

To work as a laborer is hard. It dulls the brain, wears out the body, and embitters the soul.

To work as an artist sharpens the mind, exhilarates the body, and refreshes the soul.

It is well to pay the laborer good wages, to give him short hours, to protect him by law, and to encourage him by kindness; but there is something better—it is to do away with labor altogether.

And this is to be done not by starving laborers, exiling them, nor killing them; but by changing them into artists.

To accomplish this is the task of civilization.

The way to redeem labor is to change it to craftsmanship.

The laborer is moved by wages; the craftsman by love for and pride in his work.

Whatever a man has to do he can do as an artist. The barber shaves you best who finds joy in performing the operation neatly and skilfully. The carpenter who is only trying to get his money

does slovenly work; when he pleases himself by making a thing useful and beautiful he pleases the customer.

There are two kinds of grocers, those who want only your money and those whose aim is to keep the best possible store.

So you can tell the difference between the craftsman and the laborer in any person, in the paperhanger, house painter, plumber, bootblack, architect, lawyer, preacher, servant girl or senator.

It is the delight in producing, in creating, in rendering any service to mankind by your brain or hands that takes the curse from labor.

Life itself is a task. You can labor at it, break your heart and your back, groan and sweat and get the everlasting mulligrubs; or you can make each day's doing as beautiful, well-rounded, and satisfying as a statue or a picture.

Art is not confined to paintings, porcelains, tapestries, and other luxuries; it applies as well to the necessities. A woman can make an art of the care of her children, of her housekeeping, of her dinners, of her social duties, and find a pleasure in these things such as Raphael found in drawing his Madonnas.

Whoever has learned the secret of craftsmanship has shifted the load of labor from his back.

Whoever has caught the spirit of the artist has saved his life.

The progress of invention, of education, and of co-operation means that by and by all stupid, humdrum, and merely routine labor shall be done by machinery, and that human beings shall exert themselves only in craftsmanship and artistry. That will be the Golden Age.

THE SUCCESS FETICH

MILLIONS of school children are being daily inoculated with the false success idea.

False success means achievement by beating somebody else.

Real success means achievement by doing the best you can. It implies the most perfect discipline of yourself, the highest standards for yourself, and doing the best work of which you are capable.

It has nothing to do with excelling any one else.

The minute the idea of surpassing, outdoing, conquering, or worsting another enters into your motive, it is vitiated; you have received the seeds of discontent; you have laid the foundation for strife, envy, jealousy, and unhappiness. Your real success becomes impossible.

All games are affected with the competition germ. In baseball, football, prisoner's base, checkers, and cards the aim is to win over an opponent.

The little ones are doped on such mental impure food as prizes, rewards of excellence, being

head of the class, and getting on the honor roll. They recite "Excelsior." Their forces are directed against each other.

While the children are practising this gospel in school their elders are illustrating its perfect work on the battlefields of Europe, straining every nerve to kill, maim, and ruin each other in order to succeed—to make their own nation outshine the other fellow's nation.

The arena of business is a fierce welter of the same sort of gladiatorial theory. Business firms overshriek and undercut one another. Thousands of honest men go down every year in the war of capital. The triumph of big business is over the mangled hopes of small competitors. In office, shop, and store the clerks plot and plan to get promoted over another man.

The old beast-law of struggle, evolution by fighting, the survival of the strongest, and væ victis obtains.

As a matter of fact, no progress has ever been made by competition. All permanent advance of the race has been by co-operation. The triumph of mankind has been the triumph of organization.

Children ought to be taught that the only work that counts is good work for its own sake, and that effort put forth to beat another worker is really destructive.

Thank God! I never beat anybody that I know

of, I never won a prize, and am ashamed that I tried to win on several occasions.

If you will purge your mind of the poison of so-called success and concentrate upon getting for yourself your freest self-expression, the best work possible, and the joy of satisfying your own requirements, you will do much toward insuring for yourself happy days and sleepful nights.

Work never hurt anybody. It is rivalry that kills. It is competition that strains, tires, irritates, and embitters. The heart of the honest worker whose pride is his work, and who neither fears nor envies another, is full of poise and of divine peace.

We call ourselves sympathetic when we sympathize with another's sorrow and failure. The only true sympathy is sympathy with another's success.

Let us cease the eternal fight. Let us join hands to bring on the success of all, without which the success of any one is a bit spoiled.

THE THINKER AS WEALTH MAKER

It is a favorite theorem among debaters on economic questions that all wealth is produced from the three sources—land, labor, and capital.

But there is a fourth element overlooked. The greatest of all wealth producers is MIND.

It might be classed under labor, but it is not exactly labor; it is not work; it is the power to see, to invent, to co-ordinate. A man can sit on his shoulder blades and smoke a cigar, and, if his think-works operate sufficiently, add more wealth to the country than ten thousand hand-workers.

It is not the amount of land a man has, it is the amount of gumption that determines his productivity.

I once asked an Illinois farmer how much land a man needed in order to make a good living. He answered: "If he's got brains enough all he needs is land enough to stand on."

President Vail's report of the Telephone Company for 1914, just received, is illustrative. Here is a business that has climbed from zero in 1876 to over a billion in 1914. The whole thing ger-

minated in an idea. It is not capital, it is not land, it is the vision of an inventor that is the cause of this amazing business structure.

What the nation needs is not more things, it is more brains.

Intelligence is creative. Ignorance is destructive.

The simple reason why Europe is now devastating and destroying is ignorance. They do not understand the art of government. They haven't sense enough to devise the necessary machinery with which international disputes may be settled by law. They haven't even sense enough to try.

Sometimes we gird at the railroad for paying its president $50,000 a year. If he has the real molecules in his occiput he is cheap at twice the price. One ounce of understanding, acumen, and foresight is worth more to the road than five thousand strong arms—really worth it in wealth-producing capacity.

J. H. Lockwood in a recently published work, "The Creation of Wealth," gives a list of the ways intelligence makes wealth. Among the items are: The initial idea, the invention, project, plan; increasing the efficiency of labor by organization; improvement in materials and machinery; elimination of waste; advertising; securing necessary capital; securing proper adjustment of the business to public opinion and to legislation.

But these are only phases of the great truth that man's spirit (mind) creates wealth, even as God created the world, for man is the son of God.

All wealth springs from thought-seed. It was the steam thought in the mind of Watt that grew into the enormous railway, steamship, and factory wealth of to-day.

Both laborer and capitalist are apt to get a little too chesty at times.

The thinker is worth the two of them.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SEX

THERE are some facts every boy ought to know about sex matters. Of course, the subject is as inflammable as gasoline and has to be handled with greatest care. But the worst element in it is ignorance. Most vice begins with LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.

Suffer, therefore, a few plain, honest remarks.

With the entrance into manhood comes the functioning of sex and the natural desires attendant. These cravings are NOT WICKED; they are normal; they are just as healthful as the desire for food.

First, therefore, don't get into a fever of conscience about them. The most dangerous phase of sex is MORBIDITY, self-accusation, self-pity, or feeling that you are low and wicked. It's all a part of the development of life; and if you know the truth and learn how to discipline and manage yourself you need have no tragedy.

The first truth you must believe is this, that sexual gratification is NOT NECESSARY TO HEALTH. Any physician will ratify this. A man

can live a perfectly sound and efficient life and leave out sex matters entirely.

What a world of misery would be avoided if men only KNEW this FACT! And what a mass of unhealthy, snivelling self-pity and plain viciousness we should be saved!

Sex desires do not originate in the body, but in the MIND. It is because the minds of men and women are constantly vitiated that these desires become so imperative. Novels dwell upon sex matters, magazine stories exploit them, the theatre exhibits them, they are treated in art, conversation runs to them; in fact, society in all ways seeks to overstimulate this one phase of personal expression. That is the reason why there is a perpetual outbreak of abnormalities.

Watch your THOUGHTS and you will have little trouble with your BODY; that is, provided you begin early enough in life.

The only thing that can save a man in the best possible way from the sex slough is true, loyal love for one woman. Monogamy is the only tried and perfect solution. Of course, it has its imperfections, but on the whole, and in the long run, it is the only satisfactory answer to the problem the human race has yet discovered.

And that is because sex can only be brought into harmony, balanced, and duly co-ordinated with the rest of life's forth-puttings by being IDEALIZED, by being linked to the beautifying,

spiritualizing functions of loyalty, devotion, and self-sacrifice that marriage, and marriage alone, carries with it.

Sex is a powerful force, the most tremendous passion in human nature. It is intended to be. It is Nature's provision for the perpetuity of the race.

But every force in us is a danger unless it is subjected to DISCIPLINE. Fire in the hearth is a comfort; fire uncontrolled is a conflagration. Steam confined in a locomotive is useful; when it bursts its confines it is destructive.

So your desires; if you begin early enough, and if you learn how to govern them and how to give them vent only in such ways as shall not damage your life, they will pass into an invigoration of both your body and your mind.

Think these things out, boy. Get at the FACTS. Don't botch your life by believing a lot of hearsay and vicious rumors. Find out the truth.

Only the truth can make you free.

THE INEFFICIENT

I AM talking to you, son. You're a healthy young fellow of twenty. You are strong in body and your mind is not weak. And I say to you that if you are broke, stranded, and friendless, it's ten to one that but one person will be to blame, and that's yourself.

For you can make yourself efficient. There is some one thing, maybe two things, that you can be able to do better than most other people can do. And for a person who can make good there is always an opening.

This world is full of second raters, of unskilled, untrained, botching, butter-fingered incompetents. They usually are so because they were too lazy or too ignorant to prepare themselves to do well some part of the world's work.

Lord, Lord! the poor work that fills the world! Think of it! Of all the mothers in this town, how many are successes? How many are applying themselves, by study and constant effort, to the business of mothering?

I had, I suppose, a hundred teachers, more or less, in my school days; and of them I can't re-

member over two or three that understood how to teach. The others were just holding their jobs.

Most preachers you hear are bad—not bad men, but bad preachers. Most singers cannot sing. Most actors are mediocre. Most books are a waste of time. Most houses are not fit to live in. Most cooks can't cook. Most clerks do not earn even the small salary they get.

I do not speak of genius, nor of the exceptionally gifted people. It is a plain fact that THE MAN WHO SIMPLY DOES WELL THE THING HE IS PAID FOR DOING IS A RARE QUANTITY.

That is the shameful truth.

And the direct road toward always getting employment, toward being indispensable and in demand, is to EQUIP YOURSELF TO DO SOMETHING WELL.

Efficiency? Why, I don't know a solitary hotel or restaurant in this town where you can get a slice of BREAD that is real bread like mother used to make. And as for hot biscuit—they haven't the remotest idea of them. You can get forty-seven kinds of meats and vegetables with all sorts of sauces, all tasting about alike, but never a piece of homemade bread. And the case is almost as bad with coffee.

When you hire a carpenter, painter, paperhanger, upholsterer, plasterer, or plumber to do a job in your house it is reasonably sure that his

work will be slighted, bungled, and unsatisfactory, unless you stand over him with a club. What a field is open to the man who does good work, who is punctual, honest, and capable!

No, son, don't get led astray by wild-eyed theories. To be sure, it's a wicked, cruel, and selfish world. There's a deal of injustice and special privilege and all that in it.

But I'm talking to YOU. And I tell you that the way to keep out of the mud of failure is to train yourself, to study, to be industrious, and to fit yourself to do something well, to make good.

They tell you that every employer has more applicants than he has jobs. The truth is that he has more INEFFICIENT applicants. If he KNEW that you could do the business satisfactorily he would give you work immediately.

The world is hungry for men who can and do MAKE GOOD.

CONDENSED PRESENCE

"To the faithful," said Emily Dickinson (and do you know that most delicious of American poets?), "To the faithful, absence is condensed presence. To the others—but there are no others."

Have you never felt that? There is that one who is around the house every day. You have become so used to her that she is almost sister to pots and kettles. She has settled into where she is taken for granted—appalling fate! Then one day she goes away and stays a week. It seems simple when she proposed it. Things would run along all right.

Then when you came home, the first day of her absence, what a vast, resounding hollowness in the house! There was restraint at the breakfast table, a ghost seemed about. The place that knew her—it was not empty of her, it was crowded with her. She was in the halls, in the living room, everywhere, from attic to cellar. The piano mutely shrieked of her. She was hidden in every closet.

Sleep was spoiled. You turned over and back

again. Bothering thoughts trampled into your mind. Memories rose upon your shut eyes, like suns. Where was she now? What was she doing?

She was absent from you, yet she was never so present. The accursed darkness of the room was full of her. She saturated the atmosphere. All through your fitful cat-naps her voice was calling you.

Why, you didn't realize the hair of her head smelled so, as if her soul lay in it.

Once you made her weep—to think of it now!

How she served you, anticipated you, lived for you, thought for you. How loyal to you was every bone in her body. And you took it as a matter of course! Oh, if only some thick-legged friend would come and kick you!

In the morning the children act so queerly. It is as if some one were dying in the house. At the table there are long silences. When the little boy asks when mamma is coming home you try to answer him gently, but inwardly you are raging. Why does he mention it?

She follows you down town to your work, as she never did before. She thrusts her face in between you and the newspaper. Your work goes badly for her pestering. You go to lunch with the boys and swear there never was so stupid a lot. You attend the theatre and come away before it is over—a most dull play!

You go home. You would rather go to jail. What a terrible house!

There you find that Susie is sick of a fever. She has been sent home from school. You are in a helpless panic.

Yet—you are a despicable cur. For down in your heart you are happy because little Susie is not well. And you send a telegram "Come home." You know the child's sickness is not serious. You know why, really, you send that message.

She returns. She does not reproach you. She says, "I am so glad to get back." And you send up a little prayer asking heaven to forgive you for ever thinking you were fit to live with her.

She is here once more. You have been relieved of the insufferable condensed presence of her absence.

It may be hard to live with a woman; but it is impossible to live without her.

"How are your headaches now?" I inquired.

"Haven't had one for three days," she answered, and reached over and rapped her knuckles on the table.

"How's business?" I asked a man.

"Fine!" he replied. "It's coming great. The best month we've had in three years." Then he knocked on wood.

We knock wood to keep away bad luck.

The theory seems to be that if you say anything about being fortunate you invite evil fortune.

If you are healthy, watch out; some disease or accident is "laying" for you.

If you are making money, be careful; whisper it only, lest fate overhear you and hand you disaster.

It is a most common habit of mind, and a most absurd and dangerous one. The philosophy it is founded on is a lie. The effect of believing it is harmful.

Why are we afraid to be happy? There are people who cannot attend a joyous family dinner,

where everybody is well, the children full of laughter and the old folks of contentment, but they say, "I wonder which of us will be the one to die first."

If you have got into this way, quit it. Instead of hesitating to admit you are prosperous, be afraid rather to admit you are not prosperous.

Why do we love to tell of our pains, our sadness, our defeats, our limitations?

If you will cease this silly custom, dwell on your pleasant phases and cultivate the advertisement of your success, you will be glad of it.

For you will be more contented. Your mind will be filled with agreeable thoughts. You will sleep better.

And you will do better work. Your hand will be surer, your brain clearer. If your mind is full of success, outside successes will fly to you as birds to their nest.

When disappointments occur, forget them; don't dwell on them, conceal them, don't speak of them. If you have bodily ailments, don't allude to them. If you have lost money, or if you have been snubbed, dismiss the occurrence from your mind.

FACE THE SUN.

Think every night of the good things that have happened to you during the day. If none, then think of those that are going to happen the morrow.

Thoughts are mind food. Eat cheerful, hopeful, vigor-giving thoughts. Fearful thoughts are indigestible. They poison you. They take the pep out of you.

Bad things may happen to you; but why think about them?

Knocking on wood is actually wicked. Trust the future. Invite your luck. Believe in the cooperation of the universe. Believe that whoever God may be, He is your friend.

Why not?

QUIET AND DARKNESS

AMELIA E. BARR (what reader of books does not love her, has not loved her, lo! these many years?) is eighty-four years old, at the date I write this, and at work on her sixty-sixth novel.

In an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* she tells of the methods by which she is able to write five or six hours a day at her present age.

She speaks of encouraging new thoughts, of the advantage of frequent change of occupation, of avoiding worry and anger, of simple food, of the upkeeping power of love, and of the more or less commonly preached health hints; but a striking thing she says is this:

"I am in bed between 8 and 9 in the evening. For I like to be TEN HOURS IN THE QUIET AND DARKNESS, THOUGH I MAY NOT SLEEP MORE THAN SEVEN HOURS."

Quiet and darkness!

Strong, rich words, and full of meat! Among all the things you strive for and get, do you find these two things in plenty?

All forms of life need them. The plant cannot bloom continuously; it must lie its time in the

earth, in quiet and darkness. Trees have their winter rest. All animals must sleep.

The human being cannot maintain efficient life unless it retreats daily into death, back to nothingness, cessation, stillness.

When we lie down at night in sleep all the visible workmen of the body set about their tasks, cleaning, repairing, restoring, adjusting, just as the cleaners go over a locomotive when it comes in from its run. These workers operate only in quiet and darkness.

It is the same with the mind. Keep constantly on the go and your thoughts get clogged, you have confusion, imperfect judgment, awkwardness. Go home, go to bed, take ten hours' quiet and darkness, and see how refreshed you will emerge.

Most of the worries and complications that beset us would vanish of themselves if we would take a long bath in quiet and darkness.

Those sudden inspirations that bring success, those brilliant meteors of thought, one of which is worth hours of plodding, love to come to us in the long stretches of quiet and darkness.

Evil, fevered, extravagant, hurtful ideas and beliefs are usually the waste and by-product of too much activity; they dissolve in quiet and darkness.

Often we petulantly say we "want to die." The expression has an element of truth in it.

Why not die once a day, die into long quiet and darkness? The morning will be a veritable resurrection.

No noise, no light, no forthputting of any kind, just to lie still and let wave after wave of nothingness flow over you, as you go back to that non-being from whence you came, back to the nil from which God made you—quiet and darkness.

Never mind whether you sleep or not. Just be still. It is in quiet and darkness you hear those still, small voices your life misses in its hurly-burly. It is there you find God. It is there you find even a greater stranger—yourself.

FACES

ALONG State street, in Chicago, streams an unceasing river of faces, a swelling and ebbing Mississippi. Along Washington street, in Boston, another flood. Along Broadway, New York, another.

Who has sailed these waters has had experiences stranger than those of voyagers of the Amazon or the far River of Doubt.

Every day they run at full tide; every night they thin and vanish.

When you breasted these rivers of faces you saw thousands of souls glancing at you, as the sun flashes in midstream from myriad ripples. Ghosts, strange, mysterious things called souls, enveloped you. You swam the infinite.

Faces—sad, withered, intent, careless, happy, gloomed, sunny. Every one with a life struggle behind it. Every one speaking its hopes, dreads, comedies, and tragedies in the mute language of eye-shine and lip-curve.

Faces! There goes one stamped with pride, set in self-sufficiency, a challenge of egotism. There goes a young one, lit with wonder. Yon-

der is a bitter one, behind it a snarling heart. Here is a child's face, eager, full of the joy of the world, fronting the universe as if it were all a gay show.

Do not pass them by, intent on your own errand, as bored voyagers sail through historic rivers and occupy themselves with playing cards in the smoke-room. Look at them. Study them. Sense them.

Each one is a hieroglyph of that unknown Being who thinks in terms of souls, who goes on making His endless experiment of mankind. What do these faces mean? Eternal enigma, insolvable as the crowded stars, as the swarm of microscopic lives!

Unending procession! It passed here before you were born, planning, loving, crime seeking, pleasure hunting, noble and base; it is the same now, ever new, ever the same; as the old Tiber sweeps by Rome, the Tiber fresh from the melting snows of this spring, yet the same Tiber into which leaped Horatius.

The human face is the masterpiece of the Creator, upon which He has been working, lo! these long eons, slowly perfecting, through beast and bird, something through which a spirit can express itself.

When you smile, when you frown, you perform an act that it took millions of centuries to make possible.

Mark! That one there! It is the hundredth man's. It is a face wherefrom beam kindness, heartiness, good fellowship, vast patience, tempered wisdom. You want to stop him and speak, yet you know not what to say. He cheers you. He seems a golden galleon sailing among soiled and battered craft.

And that woman! You try not to stare, but your eyes follow her. Goodness, sweetness, the divine, the eternal feminine, are in her face.

Such faces haunt you, and breed in you a love for humanity.

SOME DAY

Some day poverty, unemployment and unjust inequality in wages will disappear under the perfect organization of democracy.

Some day war will be unthinkable and impossible under a rational organization of world government.

Some day such political units as Germany and France can no more fight than Ohio and Indiana can now declare war.

Some day humanity shall swallow up patriotism.

Some day every woman shall have all the rights and privileges before the law that men have.

Some day every child shall be considered as the ward of the state and shall be trained at state expense until maturity; no more unfit units shall be added to the body of citizenship.

Some day our system of education shall be built upon the principle of developing what is in the individual child.

Some day there will be no more summer vacations nor recesses, but education shall be through play and the child shall be under training all the time.

Some day no rich man shall be allowed to endow a church, a school or a charity; but such institutions shall be controlled by the people.

Some day all people shall be interested in politics, all children shall be schooled in the art of self-government, and the people shall manage their own accumulated wealth units.

Some day wealth will be limited, so that no individual shall be allowed to own, or to bequeath by will, over a certain sum.

Some day the people, through the state, shall provide amusements as conscientiously as they now provide jails.

Some day training in music shall be universally compulsory.

Some day as much attention shall be given to the beauty and joy of life as is now given to money making.

Some day religion shall cease to be a question of sectarian management, and the state shall provide for the ethical training of every one of its children upon the basis of the greatest common divisor of all creeds.

Some day race pride, race prejudice, and race superiority will be recognized as the humbugs they are.

Some day tariffs shall all be abolished.

Some day competition shall no longer be the rule among civilized people, but co-operation.

Some day country life shall be organized so as to be as attractive to the masses as city life.

Some day government will prohibit the sale of habit-forming drugs, including alcoholic drinks; and shall not allow the manufacture or sale of any foodstuffs that are not strictly nutritious and pure.

Some day preventive medicine and hygiene shall replace dosing.

Some day the literature of the people shall not be dependent upon advertisers.

Some day we shall outgrow political parties and manage our own government by so organizing democracy as to include every human unit.

Some day the state shall cease to punish and begin to heal and help; then we shall have no more criminal class.

Some day there shall be no more kings, royal families, hereditary nobles, millionaires, or other persons of unearned privilege; but every baby born shall "start at the scratch" and have equal opportunity with every other baby.

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.

. . . . . .

The proper impulse has been given;
Wait a little longer."

HALF FAITH AND VIOLENCE

ALL noise is waste.

If you could bottle up the roar of the locomotive and retain the rattle of the trolley car, you would have that much more power.

The woman screams loudest in an argument who is least certain she is right.

We raise our voice in contention in proportion as we are uncertain.

The man who wants to fight, or to bet, is not quite sure of himself.

The religious fanatic is afraid of his suppressed doubts. If he believed absolutely he would not want to persecute.

> "Who lights the fagot?
> Not the full faith, but the lurking doubt."

The boy, coming home on a dark night, whistles, not because he isn't afraid, but because he is.

When a labor union resorts to violence, and when an employer refuses to arbitrate, it means they have strong doubts as to the justice of their positions.

Violence always implies a lack of trust in one's cause.

Militarism is the expression of the consciousness of injustice.

All our bluster, brag, and blow are explosions of our hidden cowardice.

The man who knows he is right is quiet. He abides the decision of destiny. He trusts in the inevitableness of the higher laws.

Justice has no sword. We don't hang men and imprison men because we know what to do with them: it is because we don't know. Every prison expresses our ignorance, impotence, and indifference.

The effective school teacher, who perfectly controls the pupils, is low voiced.

It is the weak mother that scolds, slaps, and tirades.

It is faith we lack; faith in the great, irresistible, cosmic powers of right and truth.

Millions of men have fought for the truth, for their rights. They are in forgotten graves. One man refused to fight, gave himself up, and was crucified. He transformed the world.

It is the half-believer who wants to defend the truth. The whole-believer smiles when the truth is assailed, knowing that it is almighty, and needs no defense, but will defend those who believe in it.

Be still! If you are not sure of yourself, act as if you were.

THE INEVITABLE

Up comes the inevitable sun in the morning. Down he goes at night. Countless ages before I was born he did this; and after I am gone he shall go on for countless ages.

The inevitable moon fills and wanes. The stars keep their places. I have nothing to do with them. Some one, other than I, disposes them.

Beneath my feet is the inevitable earth. It bears me, it has borne millions, it will remain when we are swept away.

Behind me is the inevitable past. Not even God can change it. It is forever there, as a hard mountain. It is there, as letters chiselled in the granite of time.

Inevitable also is the future. Calamity or success is walking toward me. No hand can stay them; no prayers turn them from our meeting place.

My heart beats, my lungs breathe, my internal organs function. Somebody else is causing them to operate. I have nothing to do with them. I sit a tenant in this body, not mine; a stranger among forces I cannot control.

Inevitable thoughts come to me; pain, sorrow, desire, joy. They descend upon my mind like the hail from heaven. Where do they come from? Why this intruding fancy, or that inexplicable longing?

Inevitable men and women meet me. What had I to do with choosing my parents, my brothers?

We encounter one another, you and I, to-day upon the street, in a hotel, a train, a crowd. We call it a chance acquaintance, but you and I have been moving toward this place for ten thousand years.

Just as in a swirling rainstorm every drop of water is governed by the same inexorable laws that mould the stars, as in a flurry of dust every particle is as rigidly controlled by natural forces as is the planet itself on which we live, so in all the apparent hit and miss of men's doings, in all the conflicts and balances of wills, destiny was leading you and me to come together here.

In the midst of all this inevitableness is a little flaming miracle. It is my will, it is I, doing as I please. Yet as the colt can frolic in the pasture, but cannot get by the fence, so all my freedom is circumscribed by the inevitables.

I was born. I will die. Events will come to me, not as I will, but as the stars will.

Wherein then is happiness? It is in adjusting my little freedom to fit the inevitable.

Great forces, like heat, gravitation, electricity, stream through matter. And a great will streams through all happenings. An unseen tendency and purpose streams through life.

These things no man can understand, no man can alter or in least wise compel. He must submit.

He finds his real success and happiness in realizing the inevitables and in using them as best he may.

> "Our wills are ours, we know not why,
> Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

THE BELLICOSE EGO

"THERE is only one way to get the better of a man," says Vance Thompson, in his recently published delightful volume, "The Ego Book," "and that is to understand him better than he does you."

He goes on to explain that this is equally true of a friend and an enemy, as there isn't after all much difference between the two.

This is a most searching shaft. It pierces the very marrow of contention. It shows why we quarrel, why we hate, why we misunderstand.

Almost all repulsions between two people are caused by lack of imagination. We see only ourselves, understand only our own feelings, views, and position.

If any one will sit down and strive to transfer himself into his friend's or his enemy's breast, to grasp the other's thought, he will find that the hostility that separates them is unreal, a mist, maya.

"Put yourself in his place." There never was a better rule.

If we will try to make real to ourselves the

state of another's mind, instead of trying to impose our notions upon him, it will make short shrift of disputes.

There is no more use in subduing another's opinion than there is in one nation conquering another. A conquered territory is an expense and a continual source of disturbance. England, for instance, gets a deal more good out of America by letting her govern herself, by dealing with her as a separate unit, than she would by taking over her government. As the whole conquest idea is a delusion, so the whole convincing-by-argument is a delusion.

You can live with me, do business with me, and get along socially with me, a lot better by allowing me to have my own notions, and by endeavoring to understand them, than you can by seeking to make me adopt your notions.

Unity of opinion is quite impossible. Even if possible it would be undesirable. It is difference of opinion that is interesting. For opinion is personality, and uniform personalities would be intolerable.

The only practical union of personalities is union in work, in play, and in love. A socialist and a monarchist can build a bridge together, play a game of tennis together, and can sincerely love one another, provided they don't try to club each other's opinions into conformity to their own.

What a world of domestic infelicity would be

avoided if man and wife would let each other's ideas alone, if they would endeavor to grasp each other's views and to enter into them, instead of combating them.

Even children we make thrive by leaving to them their liberty, by realizing that their ideas change by growth, by observation and by experience, not by command and coercion.

If we could restrain the bellicose ego! If we could hold down the lust of intellectual conquest!

If we could only understand each other and not oppose!

Then each of us could freely say what he thinks, and out of the free self-expression of all we could each grow in truth and come into perfect community of effort and of esteem.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

WHEN you get right down to the bottom of the question, the only out and out honest business transaction is the one in which both parties are profited.

If I sell you a horse for a hundred dollars, the horse ought to be of more value than the money to you, and the money ought to be of more use than the horse to me.

This is the underlying law of all trade, from swapping jackknives to selling a million dollars' worth of bonds.

The complications of the business world are so great that it is often hard to tell whether a given deal, or a given line of money making, is ethical or not. But it is an excellent idea to keep in mind the basic rule that the only genuinely honorable deal is where the interests of both buyer and seller are advanced.

It is plain enough that betting is immoral, for my gain is your loss. So in a lottery what I win represents the losings of others, even if the winning be concentrated in a large sum and the losses

be distributed in sums so small as to bear hard upon no one person.

When we get into other affairs, however, the issue becomes confused. The safest method, for one who cares for his self-respect, is to ask one's self, "Have I rendered any sort of service commensurate with the money or goods or favors I have received?"

The class of sons and daughters who accept the gifts or the inheritance of money from their parents, sanctioned by the laws of society, and who spend all they get in play, in idleness, and in selfish ends, rendering no value to society, is the most dangerous class in the community.

They are doubly dangerous because vicious tradition causes us to consider them superior to common people who have to earn the bread they eat. They "look down upon trades-people." They regard "the working classes" as distinctly inferior. They spend their energies in going from one amusement to another; they cultivate polo, golf, yachting, and such other games as only the wealthy and the idle can pursue.

They are constantly aware that the mass of people envy them, are servile toward them and anxious for their favors. They are surrounded by an army of flatterers and sycophants.

Hence they become insolent, haughty, and as vain as they are useless.

It is these do-nothings who exasperate the

social conditions. They debauch the morals of the populace. They set up alluring and fake standards for the young. They embitter the working classes. They corrupt the institutions of learning. They debase the church. They vitiate the state.

Their dangerous influence can all be traced back to the fact that THEY GET SOMETHING FOR WHICH THEY DO NOT RETURN AN EQUIVALENT.

They might be of great service instead of being a nuisance, if they would only set about doing some useful work.

Any idle person is a septic spot in the community. And the worst kind of an idle person is a rich idle person.

It is not the giving of charity that can heal the curse of idle wealth; that only establishes more firmly the evil, in rendering the people servile by doing for them what they ought to do for themselves.

The only salvation for idlers is to find some part of the world's work to do and to do it.

The man or woman who gets something for nothing ought to be barred from the society of decent people.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

GREAT things have been happening during the past week.

The dandelions have been out. Down the road toward Ed Smith's place, on each side of the highway, set thick among the deep green of the grass, myriads of them are abloom; it is as if the gray ribbon of road were broidered with living gold.

Gold is sprinkled all through the pastures. There is no flower so decorative, so modestly yet exquisitely beautiful as the dandelion.

One of the most delightful things about it is its gospel, which is the wonderfulness of the commonplace. All the wealth, all the art of man, could produce nothing that so drenches the spirit with pure joy of life as Nature does in her wild exuberance of dandelions.

Go out and see these happy little flower-people, clean your stuffed bosom of its artificial cares, and love them, and they will do you good. Fools run after the uncommon; wise men turn for refreshment to the common.

I wish to report also that I have found the most sweet and adorable hour of the day. It is

the one just before daybreak, when the baby dawn is just beginning to awaken. It is the solo hour of Nature. All day the full orchestra of birds has been cawing, whistling, piping, and fluting away; at sunset and thick night.

> . . . for music came the play
> Of the pied frog's orchestra,
> And to light the noisy choir
> Lit the fly his lamp of fire;

there have been the full crash of noonday sunshine, the splendor and color riot of sunset, the soft threnody of twilight, and then the majestical panorama of the stars swimming in the immense upper ocean of the dark sky.

But at this solo hour of which I speak there is, for a setting, the glory of fathomless stillness. No breeze is a-wandering. The trees are asleep. The mirror-breast of the lake is unwrinkled. It is as smooth as the just paling heavens above it.

One bird, a stranger to me, is twittering—some uneasy, industrious bird that would prevent the dawn and get about its day's work.

One bright star gleams like a blue jewel in the east, the forerunner of the sun. The other stars are out; this high lamp is still unextinguished.

One feathery cloud hangs over the door where the sun shall enter.

Nature is in her simplest, her most unconfused, her least complex mood.

The young day is lisping.

The soul that is early about, and moves among the vast simplicities, feels as if it were present at the world's creation.

In Rome, by the Tiber, is a small temple, round and pillared, said to have been erected to the goddess of the Dawn, Mater Matuta.

If you have no belief in her, come out at this solo hour, and walk along the road gold-sprent with dandelions, listen to that one bird singing, look at that one star, that lone cloud, receive with unbarred heart the message of the vast stillness around you, and or ever you are aware you will see, not face to face, but out of the tail of your eye, as all divinities can alone be glimpsed, Mater Matuta herself, the silent, sweet virgin mother of the universe, the shyest and gentlest among all the denizens of Olympus.

UNCONSCIOUS GOODNESS

THIS is not written for the many, but for the few who understand.

Confess your sins, if you will, but not your goodness.

A high and noble quality in you, if it is once brought to light, withers as a flower plucked from its bed in the woods and worn on your dress.

There is no real purity but that of which you are unconscious. This permeates you and flavors your personality. The minute it is exposed by boasting it becomes offensive.

I doubt if preaching, moralizing, arguing and otherwise definitely laboring with people to make them good has ever been of much real benefit. The actual uplift is that force that lies within our nature, concealed in the texture of the soul.

The cosmic powers of souls are silent and invisible; as the sun attracts the planets by its mass, as the hyacinth perfumes the room by its presence.

When you tell of a good deed you have done you have spoiled it. That instinct is correct which leads the brave man to belittle his own

courage. No act is fine unless it be done solely to gratify ourself, solely to win the praise of our own exacting soul; the bloom of virgin beauty is rubbed off from our nobleness when it is to get the approbation of others.

We complain that our efforts are not appreciated. Whatever is appreciated is depreciated. Only those helpful deeds that no one knows, which we ourselves do not recognize, are of the purest gold.

No one will be more surprised on the day of judgment than the genuine saints, who will exclaim in amazement: "Lord, when saw we thee sick, or ahungered, or in prison, and ministered unto thee?"

Action and speech, doing and talking, and all sorts of conscious exertion, are of second class, compared with the high worth of being.

This is proved by little children, who, we are shocked to discover, are not much influenced by our lecturings, and disregard our advice, but whose eyes penetrate to what we really are, whose ears hear the voices of our character; so that they follow us, but not our words.

No deeds of mine can counteract the subtle dynamic of my personal influence. If I endow churches and colleges, if I feed multitudes of the poor, if I give my body to be burned, and yet if I am essentially mean, my net result in the world is bad. On Time's books the debit of my

character will outbalance the credit of my effort.

The day will come, when humanity is mature, that there shall be no more of what we now call charity or benevolence. For charity is the conscious attempt to correct the injustice of our acceptance of unjust customs.

In the perfect day to come no man will give to relieve another's distress, none will work to convert and redeem, for each shall try to do justice; and where there is universal justice all charity is swallowed up.

Then set loyalty to yourself as your goal. Think, speak and act to get that inner praise of your own being. Regard yourself as fortunate when you can do good without being found out.

And consider yourself most fortunate of all when you are not appreciated, when you are misunderstood, and when your good is called evil. For then you are one of the real aristocrats of virtue. Then you are truly of a kin to God, who is forever silent, forever cavilled at, yet forever healing and helping by His very existence.

LEGEND

LEGEND is truer than history. History is what happened, legend is what ought to have happened.

History is an attempt to record facts. But who can be trusted to understand a fact well enough to tell it? Sir Walter Raleigh set about once to write a history of the world; one day he saw an occurrence under his own windows, and afterward when he heard a half dozen discordant witnesses tell of it, he was amused at his own temerity in presuming to record events years after all the witnesses were dead.

Who knows the secret springs of history, the story behind the story? We have Genesis, but the genesis of Genesis has disappeared forever. We have Matthew, but where is the sub-Matthew?

The forces behind history are as strange as those behind the inscrutable face of Nature.

But in legend history becomes simple, understandable. It is a true picture of a race's inner life, of its dreams, ambitions, fears.

There is no history of Greece so true as its mythology. The people probably lived along, fought, loved and died, and struggled in the sor-

didness of circumstance, very much as we; but the best part of themselves were the golden fancies with which they populated the heavens, the seas, the woods, and the dark.

Legend is tougher and longer lived than fact. Hercules and Perseus, Theseus and Orpheus are still vigorous personages in the world's mind, while the leading citizens that discussed the plays of Æschylus are vanished into thin air.

We have a feeling even among present events that the newspapers are somehow deceiving us. What mass of news they hold back! How colored is what they print! There is no such thing as giving all the news. The public would not stand it.

Besides, to tell the truth is difficult; it is an art few have mastered. "Openheartedness," said Kant, "the saying of the whole truth we know of, is not to be met with in human nature."

It is in its purely imaginative work a people most truly expresses itself. So Wagner went to myth, and not to recorded history for his motifs. There is more truth about the English people in Percy's Reliques than in Macaulay's history.

There is an allegory of Pushkin that is in point, expressing the truth that, whoever would know a people, must study the people's folk lore.

By the side of the Blue Sea
Is a great and green oak tree,

Girt with a golden chain.
Day and night a marvellous and learned cat
Crawls around this oak.
When he crawls to the right he sings a song;
When he crawls to the left he tells a story.
It is there you must sit down and learn
The understanding of Russian legends.
There the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of our ancestors
come to life again.

It is the same with the individual. The games you played, the longings you entertained, the visions you glimpsed, when a child, have more to do with your character than any hard happenings of your maturer years.

To understand any man you must go back to the cat and the oak.

THE SILENCES

I WENT down by the seashore, and after long watching and dreaming I fancied it was given me to understand the voice of the waters.

And the waters said to me, "You wonder why we do not talk to you. We are talking ever and forever; but you have never, till now, been still enough to listen.

"The three voices, that of Nature, that of God, and that of Love, are never perfectly heard except at the bottom of the funnel of silence.

"There are few of your race who understand wind-sounds and the notes of birds, water voices, cloud-writings, and the signals that are wig-wagged to souls by waving trees, and the color-ideas that are spelled to them by flowers.

"You wonder why you cannot comprehend bird talk, as people do in fairy stories. You speculate as to whether monkeys communicate real ideas by their chatter, and whether cock-crows and hen-cackles are mere noise or have intelligent contents.

"Your difficulty lies in that you do not realize the extent, the range of ideas. You know that there are sounds of too high and others of too

low vibration for the human ear to perceive. You know also that the colors perceptible to the human eye are comparatively few; that there are colors, beyond violet and beyond red, that are too subtle for the eye.

"It is precisely so with thoughts or soul vibrations. There is a whole world of ideas too simple for you to grasp, and another world of ideas too complex for you to grasp. Human beings think only a few notes in the middle of the gamut of Nature.

"I can only hint at our meanings, mine and the winds' and the birds'. We speak of such great realities as Alternation and Continuance, of Whirling Years and the Time Wheel, of Fecundation, Generation and Dissolution, of Star Meanings, of Lives and of their Masks and Appearances, of the walled-off yet interlocked Worlds, such as the World of Fishes, the World of Insects, the World of Microbes, the World of Field Mice, the World of Human Creatures, the World of the Unborn, and the World of the Dead.

"We speak of the deep, voiceless Instincts, of the meaning of Heat and Cold, of the mysteries of Food, Drink and Sleep. We talk of the tragedies of Danger and of the comedies of Play. These are famous topics with barnyard creatures. The rats and roaches in your house discuss them. They interest the insects and the little woodspeople.

"We have our Laughter, though not as yours, for the universe is saturated with humor. We have our days of Mourning and of Loneliness, we have our Sins and our Remorse; sunt lachrimæ rerum.

"There are two kinds of humans that understand us, the witless and the worshipful."

Then I was aware that my friend was shaking me.

"What is the matter with you?" he said. "I have called you several times. Have you gone crazy?"

"Only part way," I answered. "Tell me why we are accounted sane only so long as we keep to the limitations of the ordinary; and that we never see the truth of poetry, religion, or nature until we overstep the limits? Is all greatness madness?"

"Give it up!" returned my friend; and yet he was a hatter and measured the human head for a living!

THE ETERNAL COMPROMISE

You can win at a game, but in real life it is usually a draw.

When you ask history, "Which whipped?" the answer is, "Neither."

The great historic struggles, political, religious, racial, have resulted in compromise, at least in something neither side expected.

The conflict between paganism and early Christianity was waged bitterly. The Christianity that conquered became half pagan; witness the triumph of pagan nationalism over the Christian idea of humanity's solidarity, in the present war.

So the world-old war between idealism and materialism, the eternal party issue of philosophers. Berkeley proved to his own satisfaction that there is nothing but spirit. Buechner and Haeckel were fully convinced there is no spirit—only matter.

Rome conquered Greece, but Greece in turn, by its art and intellect, dominated Rome. The church imposed itself upon the world; it was a dear success, for the world permeated the church.

Which will win, socialism or individualism? Judging from the past we must say, neither or

both. The fight between the two will probably go on, with varying success, with a series of continuous compromises; just as the unabated centrifugal and centripetal forces balance the stars.

A certain communism is indispensable. But so is a certain independence.

The uncompromising logician, the propagandist, the enthusiast, the apostle of an ideal, sees that he has the absolute truth, which finally will prevail. He is mistaken. No man or set of men ever held the whole truth. The opposite of every truth is also true.

Things must struggle on. Men must contend. Out of the conflict comes at last destiny's curious conclusion.

The same law runs through the commoner relations of life. Every man's success is a compromise. No human being ever accomplished what he started out to do. The sculptor, the painter, the musician, the business man, find at last they have done but a half-work. Nowhere is absolute success.

There is no happy marriage without continual "conciliation, concession, and compromise." Marriage is a perpetual triumph only as it is a perpetual surrender.

Our children do not satisfy us, nor we them. We make the best of it.

The best we can do with life is to establish a workable "modus vivendi."

Fate has its own plans. The Eternal has His own will.

In the great edifice of humanity, in the toil and moil of building the race that is to be, it is given to no man to look at the plan the Almighty has traced upon the trestle-board.

All we can do is to stand for the truth as we see it, and remember that truth is manifold and complex, and others may see it differently.

THE GREEN CITY OF LAUGHTER

THERE'S no use gilding the pill. Work is disagreeable, and the joys of labor are forms of that optimistic self-hypnotism that buoys so many lift-yourself-by-the-bootstraps cults.

I hate work; I always have hated it. When I was a boy I loathed bringing in the coal and weeding the strawberry patch. I liked to play ball and go swimming.

I still hate all forms of work. But I have discovered how to make play out of it; and I enjoy play.

My job is more fun than any form of diversion I can indulge in after working hours. I would rather do my daily stunt than play golf or go to the ball game or attend the theatre. I am 100 per cent happier on my task than off.

And I think this is the solution of the "labor problem." It is to solve how work may be made play.

When we take pride and interest in what we do it is not work. The housekeeper that delights in keeping her rooms in order, the clerk that enjoys performing his duties, the doctor that is en-

thusiastic over his profession, the carpenter, plumber, painter, or teamster that puts his soul into his business—such people work does not gall nor fret. Such have solved the "labor problem."

Machinery is slowly lifting the curse of labor from men. A vast deal of the dirty work that used to be done by hand is done by steam. The huge dredges at Panama did the task of hundreds of men with shovels and buckets.

Every child should be given a training in some kind of useful activity that is congenial to him. The time is past when there is a chance for the man who is "willing to do anything"; it is the man who is capable of doing "something," and of doing it well, that is employed.

More and more this world is becoming a colder and harder place for the person who simply wants the wage. Those who love their trade so well that it is play, who are miserable when they cannot work at it, and who are trained to skilfulness in it, are driving out the wage wanters.

Every factory, mill, office, farm, store, and railroad in the country is crying out for fit, capable, enthusiastic hands who will attack work in the spirit of play.

And only so is good work done.

Says Coningsby Dawson in *The Craftsman:*

"Play may be the best kind of work—the difference between work and play is a difference in training and mental attitude. Teach a child to

play sadly and call his play work—you make him a laborer who toils even when he is playing.

"Ugliness and drudgery are no part of God's plan for His world. If man insists on inventing them God leaves man to do the explaining. Boys and girls playing in a green city of laughter—that was what God meant.

"Gray faces everywhere! Men and women who know anything but how to earn bread! In the crouching tread of cities the sound of the fear of life and the terror of death! And yet always between the stone cities lies the green City of Laughter where work is play, where birds sing as they build their nests, and rivers flow silver through meadows, certain of the sea and unhurrying.

"The day is coming when, one by one, our wise men, like the old Eastern dreamer, will steal out from the walls of work into the grassy Metropolis of Laughter. There the work will still go on, but unknowingly. No one will be old; the streets of that city will be full of boys and girls playing."

THE CHEMISTRY OF THOUGHT

WHEN a gay pair of hydrogen atoms seize an oxygen atom and begin to fox trot about among the molecules the three of them together are water, a different looking thing entirely from the gas each of them was before they joined hands.

So when wood burns, the union of the oxygen and carbon makes flame, wholly another thing than dull wood.

The chemistry of matter is interesting. But no less so is the chemistry of ideas. The product arising from the union of two thoughts is often quite distinct from either of the constituents.

For instance, a nagging woman will hand her lord and master a thought which makes him explode like powder—he goes off in a rage. Neither can understand. She looks on her remark as innocent. He regards his mind as guiltless. It was the mixing of the two that was deadly.

We often play hob with the truth, not because truth is harmful in itself, but because we do not understand the chemistry of ideas. It may be perfectly true that I look a fright, that I am fat and awkward, but when you insert that truth into

my mind and it unites with my vanity and self-esteem it produces a dangerous heat, so that I fume and say things.

It is a wise person who understands this kind of chemistry. It is a clever salesman, for example, who not only knows the "talking points" of his goods but also perceives the notions that his customer already entertains, and gives to him only the kind of talk that, combining with those notions, will produce a desire to buy, and not hostility.

It is a wise wife that can administer to her husband those remarks that will make him prize and love her. She doubtless could tell him other things, just as true, that would make him wish she were in Guinea; but what's the use?

It takes two to tell the truth, said Thoreau. Anybody can hear a great fact; but not everybody is supplied with the kind of ideas that can grasp it, digest, and assimilate it.

More than half of the opera, the play, the sermon, the book, the landscape, is the collection of thoughts and feelings you bring to them.

Love may mean two things to a man and a woman as different as the minds of the two persons.

What kindles me may leave you cold.

Religion may turn one man into a ferocious fanatic, and may make another man gentle and kind.

Salt is like neither chlorine nor sodium, and what you say to me becomes something that is neither what you said nor what I heard.

All of us are handling ideas that may become poisons or explosives. It's a wonder we get along as well as we do.

MY ANCESTRY

I AM very proud of my ancestors.

My twice great-grandfather did not come over in the *Mayflower*. My six times great-grandfather did not belong to the bunch of bandits under William the Conqueror.

As far as I know no uncle of mine was ever governor of Indiana nor Supreme Court judge in Kentucky.

I have no family tree so long that somewhere about the middle of it Adam was born.

The only real sure enough ancestor of note that I can boast is Adam. I am one of the vast Adam family, though I have lost the name.

Yet still I am proud of my forefathers.

There were so many of them.

My father and mother each had a father and mother; that is, I had two grandfathers and two grandmothers, which makes four.

Each of these four necessarily had a father and mother; so in the ascending generation I had eight ancestors.

Calculating in this manner on back for the fifty-sixth generation—that is, to the time of Christ—

the number is of course raised to its fifty-sixth power.

Hence, in order to introduce so important a person as I into the world, there has been the co-operation of some 132,245,015,480,534,978 ladies and gentlemen—possibly also a few blacksmiths and nursemaids.

It is for this reason that I do not lower my helmet, to use the language of the Great Commoner, to any man who points to the picture on his wall and brags about his grandpa being a judge. He has nothing on me. I have doubtless had several hundred judges in my line, also as many prisoners, attorneys, and bailiffs.

When the lady preens herself before me, shows me the family album, with the photograph in it of her aunt, who once sang in a concert in Cincinnati, where the tickets were $1 apiece, I am not impressed; perhaps the whole audience were my kin.

SPELLING

ANYBODY who is laboring to make a dent in the dull putty of it-always-has-been, and to operate therein a few holes of it-ought-to-be, has my sympathy.

The whole realm of human thought is forever threatened with smotheration by the gases of the decayed past.

In religion, in politics, in art, in law, and in all forms of work every proposal of pure reason and sound sense is greeted with a chorus of woes from the army of standpatters.

Nowhere is this more marked than in the effort to reform English spelling and make it conform to the lines of intelligence.

The Englishman sticks to his pounds, shillings, and pence, and to his inches, feet, and ells, and to his ounce and stone, and if he will not lay aside these medieval things for the beauty and simplicity of the metrical system we can hardly expect him to use valor for valour and tire for tyre.

But we are a progressive people over here and ought to be open to the convincing arguments of the spelling reformers.

The Simplified Spelling Board is pulling manfully at the oar. Let us all help, and try to rid our wondrous language of its still more wondrous monstrosities.

English is the easiest language in the world to learn, because it is a logical tongue and practically grammarless; it has comparatively few inflections and it is the tendency of time to eliminate even these.

Its horror is its spelling. Think of eight ways of representing the sound of short e! Let, head, heifer, leopard, friend, many, said, says, and bury!

And the old freak ough, which Richard Grant White showed up in his couplet:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my way I will pursue."

Seven ways to pronounce ough!

After all, the present spelling was not let down from heaven; itself is a reform. Era used to be spelled aera, economic oeconomicke, music musick, fish fyssche, fantasy phantasie, bat batte, and sun sunne.

And "Sh! Sh!" cries the Simplified Spelling Board. "What do you think of these sh's? Ship, sure, issue, mansion, mission, conscience, conscientious, suspicion, ocean, oceanic, partial,

partiality, schist, and machine!" Count 'em. Fourteen.

"Some persons," says the board, "ar so constituted that an unaccustomed spelling offends them. That is mere emotion. Others ar so constituted that an unreasonable spelling offends them. That is the protest of reason."

Let us begin. I would do it myself if the editors and printer men would let me. Let us at least always use the simpler of two authorized forms: as program, catalog, rime, tho, dropt, stopt, blest, and the like.

The following from one of the board's circulars, they assure me, is not a puzzle; submit it to the children and let them find the best forms:

"Island, iland; ache, ake; dumb, dum; catalogue, catalog; debt, det; head, hed; active, activ; health, helth; looked, lookt; column, colum; dimmed, dimd; twelve, twelv; felled, feld; dropped, dropt; promise, promis; examine, examin; crossed, crost; definite, definit; campaign, campain; alphabet, alfabet; build, bild; guard, gard; paragraph, paragraf; doubt, dout; tongue, tung; pamphlet, pamflet."

THE PEANUT

I WOULD lay a few wreaths at the feet of the peanut.

It is one of the admirable arrangements of whoever runs mundane matters that the very best goods of life are for every man, and that the proud and privileged when they nibble their expensive delicacies are toying with the avenging furies, from a pain in their tum-tums to hardening of the arteries.

There is air, for instance, oodles of it, free; and if there be aught better I have never found it. Also water. Also sunshine.

More expensive, but still cheap enough for dollar-a-day folk, is corn bread, the than whichest of all toothsome things.

Right down below the high-cost-of-living list, down where the multitude mults, even below down where the Wurtzburger flows, are the little friends of hoi polloi, the peanuts.

Item. They are good. A better nut has not been nutted. If they cost twenty-five cents apiece they would be served as hors d'œuvres at the Grand Hotel de Luxe, and make glad the small

white teeth of the daughters of Millionbucks.

If they cost $100 a nut their shells would be strung around the necks of the grillionaires' ladies who unveil their beauty upon us the first night of the opera.

Alas! They are five cents a bag. So they are nothing but just plain good.

Item. They are nourishing. Faddists and medicine men have denounced all other kinds of food, white bread, sugar, coffee and milk, but none has dared to lift his voice against the peanut.

A sack of peanuts is an excellent lunch. I so lunched yesterday. I bought a nickel's worth of Dante Alighieri, who keeps them hot at our corner. I ate them for three blocks. It is a grand thing to lunch walking; you get your air, exercise, and nutrition all at once.

They are still better eaten between meals. They are the ideal tid-bit for those who watch the baseball game. They are the right hand of the circus man. On trains they have no fellow, when there is no dining car and no stop for dinner.

They are the true symbol of democracy.

They are friends to lovers. Who can say how subtle are the opportunities of the paper of peanuts consumed by "me and Mame" up in the third balcony, when our hands touch as we fish the gay goobers from the sack, and munch while we watch Lord Edward being foiled upon the stage?

The Star Spangled Banner may be the national tune, the golden rod or something else the national flower, and the turkey and the eagle the national birds, but the national nut is unquestionably the peanut.

Sweet is the voice of the peanut man, as he sings: "Five cents, a nickel, half a dime. All ready and all hot. Right this way, ladies and gents, for your fresh roasted peanuts!"

CUPBOARDS

One of the first official acts of King Edward the Seventh, of happy memory, upon his accession to the throne, was to visit a model workhouse. After looking about at all the show-things the keepers of the institution had to exhibit, he asked:

"But where are the cupboards?"

The question, in its effect upon the overseers, trustees, and patrons, was what might be called a sockdolager.

There were no cupboards.

There were none belike in the place where his majesty made his home. That was the reason he asked for them in the poorhouse.

Poorhouses and palaces, alas! alike have no cupboards. Everything and everybody are mercilessly open to public inspection.

A cupboard is a place to put things you don't want but might want. It is the fortress of superfluity; and without its superfluities what would life be?

I loathe bare cupboards and painfully sympathize with Old Mother Hubbard and her dog.

The technique of the thrifty boarding-house,

where the whole pile of provisions is gauged so nicely that it is cleaned out every meal, is not to my fancy.

My notion of joy and gladness is to go to the cupboard, or icebox, which is a species of cupboard, and see a whole ham, a whole roast turkey, a whole cold roast of beef, a big mince pie, a barrel of red apples, a jar heaped up with doughnuts, a colossal box of sugar cookies; and to hear a pleasant female voice say:

"Now, help yourself, children; there's more where all that came from; and grocers' bills are cheaper than doctors' bills."

But alas the dream! in decadent city purlieus, where we go down to the delicatessen and buy two dill pickles and eight cents' worth of sliced ham!

There never were enough cupboards and closets in any house; and never enough in them. Linen cupboards, with heaps of towels, sheets, and table napery, clothes closets with different suits for every mood, cupboards with upper shelves crowded with books nobody ever reads.

"But have you not written upon the evils of superfluity?" Certainly. But that was a Tuesday. Fridays and Wednesdays I have other opinions.

The mind has its cupboards likewise, and the soul. Have you never met those trying people who empty the whole of their ideas upon any subject at once, almost indecently expose their entire

stock of morality, and altogether give you the impression of a human show-window?

No, no. Let the spirit of man also have its cupboards full of emergency meats, its cellar stored with unsuspected apples, its closets of luxury, and its attics and top-shelves choke-full, wherewith we may feel that delicious sense of plenty, that blessedest kind of riches to carnal and fallen man, being rich in the unnecessary, so that the stomach not only can enjoy to-day, but the mind can feast upon the reserves for to-morrow.

SHE

THE railway train is not, in Boone Centre, Illinois, a mere piece of machinery. It is a sort of person. They speak of it as "She." Her name is No. 7, or the 5.20.

Everybody that can spare the times goes down to the station to see Her come in. A crowd of small boys is always there, especially the Kelleys and Gischweins, who are the outlaw chiefs of the community. They wrestle and whistle, and give lessons to the more respectable little boys in swear words and tobacco chewing, while waiting for Her.

Emmeline Matthews, Carrie and Mame Cramer, besides the Tope girls, usually are on the platform when She comes in. They lock arms and stand around giggling, chewing gum and conversing in their own language. When She comes in they "josh" the brakeman, Will Davis; the engineer yells his badinage at them and tickles them to death. The travelling man from Chicago knows them and they walk up to the St. James Hotel together, after She leaves.

The Mason boys, who live on a farm up Bear

Creek way, are there. They get in the smoking car. They are going to Peoria to buy some hogs, and, by cricky! they're going to have some fun while they're there. They have a bottle of whiskey; but they never give it that name, referring to it rather as red eye, or sod corn, or O be joyful. Each of them is smoking a five-cent cigar, holding it most of the time in the hand, and blowing out the smoke with a "koo-oo-oo!" But they are not fierce at all; they are just playing criminal. Really they are modest, kind-hearted, hard-working boys.

The Chicago papers come in on this train. Eb Hopkins, who is the leading politician, is present to get a first copy out of the roll, to see what's going on. Grampa Bliss is also on hand regularly; he takes two papers, both the *Tribune* and the *News;* he is very deaf, so that about all he can do is to read. He is a good arguer, however, for he never hears what the other man says.

The emperor of the occasion is the station agent. The burden of his office weighs heavily on him. He throws in the mail bag, hands the train-order to the engineer, looks after the baggage and express, and answers questions. Every one is proud to know him.

No. 7 has been carefully looked for. When She whistled, out by Downer's Grove, all the watches came out, and the verdict was rendered: "Eight minutes late!" Rolling, grumbling, hiss-

ing and ringing Her bell, She came to a stop. Each person alighting was carefully scrutinized. If his business was not known it was soon discovered. No man can stay over night in Boone Centre without the inhabitants knowing why. The people are not cold—they are very sociable; indeed, socially they might be called hot.

At last the conductor looks at his watch, glances forward and back along the train, waves his hand to the engineer, shouts "All aboard," and She begins to move. The engine gives a few big snorts, the bell rings, everybody says good-by, and away She goes.

She disappears over the prairie. The folks return home. The agent goes back to his chair at the telegraph table.

Another heart-throb has pulsed along the iron artery.

Another epoch has passed for Boone Centre.

The 5.20 is gone.

Nothing to do now until the 7.13 to-morrow morning.

Wonder if anybody we know will come in on Her?

Let's go up to the postoffice and see who gets letters. Pap Beesley's pension usually comes in on this mail.

HOROSCOPE

On this day the stars are in peculiar conjunctions, except those in the constellation of Orion, which is Irish, and therefore in opposition.

Good and evil influences predominate in Neptune; if you do not feel one kind, you will feel the other; the price of this horoscope is one dollar, and you can take your choice. In any case, it will be wise not to undertake any enterprise without beginning it.

It is a most unlucky time for those who at this time are not lucky. Requests for advancement in position and a raise in salary will be invariably denied to-day, except in those instances where they are granted or postponed. Whenever Sirius is in the ascendant it is a serious situation (help! help!), and those who owe money and have none with which to pay are apt to find themselves embarrassed.

Jupiter's position plainly indicates that the wealthy will have more luxuries than those that are poor. It is a good time for clothiers to mark their $10 suits up to $15, and then mark them

down to $14.98. The astral indications for this procedure are such as to give warrant to the belief that they will either sell more goods or not so many. Otherwise business will be much the same.

Bankers and brokers should delay important contracts to-day, except in those instances where a red-headed office boy is employed. In such cases Mars rules, Mars being the red planet, connoting radishes. Notes that cannot be collected should be renewed.

At this season the precession of the equinoxes shows that all persons over ninety years of age will suffer from decrepitude, while those under twelve will be exempt from this trouble.

Children born to-day will be either boys or girls, according to the sex, and will live to a very old age, unless they should happen to die, in which case they will not live so long.

There will be many accidents to-day in all those states which in the geography are colored pink. The mystical number of pink is seven, and geography minus seven always leaves accidents. Those who are lost at sea during this week and remain for a sufficient length of time under the water will probably be drowned.

Antares and Arcturus stand to the northeast of each other and plainly point out that those who cannot get anything to eat will be liable to go hungry. The signs, however, are favorable to

those who are thirsty, provided any one offers them a drink.

Working girls who receive $6.50 a week and under will wish they had more, owing to the influence of Capricorn, which stands in the House of Misery. Those whose incomes, however, is $100,000 a year and over are not likely to be disturbed. The effects of Capricorn do not reach above $10,000 a year.

Uranus again foretells a surprising interest in psychic phenomena. All who are interested in Eastern mysticism will probably be concerned in oriental transcendentalism, especially Tuesdays and Fridays, which are blue. It should be noted that these days are not only blue, but they are very hard and brittle.

Persons whose birthday is to-day should avoid all varieties of misfortune. Do not sit under a descending pile-driver, do not carry a lighted bomb in your breast pocket, and do not step in front of an advancing locomotive.

Girls who marry to-day will marry men, in which case they will probably regret it.

The neophyte should remember that the sun rises in the east, the planets go by circumlocutions, it is impossible to extract the cube root of two, and extraneous discombobulations sometimes excruciate the prophylacterum chyli.

THE NEIGHBOR

YES, said Mrs. Featherstone, we've moved back to the city, and now I can have a little privacy. We're in a building where there are thirty flats, and I don't know a solitary family there, and thanks be! I never expect to.

Me for the terrible loneliness of the metropolis. I could eat it.

Will had to work up state last year, so we moved to Smalltown. We had the loveliest cottage, and I was tickled to death at first. Everything was going so to be cosy and homey and neighborly.

It wasn't long until I got acquainted with my NEIGHBOR. It was about our second chat over the back fence that I found myself answering questions.

She was a raw-boned woman with a high voice and the most militant friendliness. She came over to the fence, when she had finished hanging out her clothes, and began.

How many rooms did I have? How much did my mail box cost? Where did I get it? She

could get one much cheaper because she knew the man at the store.

Wasn't there something the matter with my little girl? No? Well, she looked like she had the rickets or something. If I had a doctor, I mustn't get old Doc Peasely; he drank; leastways people said he did.

Did my husband drink? Did I get letters I didn't want my husband to see? Where did my husband work? How much wages did he get? Was he an Odd Fellow? All the men around here were Odd Fellows mostly. They had grand sociables. Was I a Rebecca?

Where did I buy my meat and groceries? Where did I get my milk and butter? She would be glad to recommend her grocer, and so on. They couldn't cheat her. Not much! You had to watch 'em.

Did I use face paint or powder? She knew a grand wrinkle remover.

Was my hair my own? Didn't I spend lots of time doing it up?

I came into the house dizzy. I felt as if I had been held upside down and all the information shaken out of me. But I was mistaken. She hadn't got fairly under way.

Later she informed me that her way of doing her hair had been much admired; that her man was the smartest in the shop; that the man's wife across the way stayed away from home a good

deal; that everybody hated Mrs. Bonebreak; and so on ad infinitum.

She was at the train to see me off, when I left, and wanted to know why I left, if we were in debt, and why my little girl was wearing that white coat on the dirty cars; besides seven million other things.

I tell you I was glad to escape to the lonely city, and last Sunday when the preacher gave thanks for being delivered from "the noisome pestilence," I said "Amen" right out loud.

For I thought of my NEIGHBOR.

GOING SOME

ONCE men wrote with a quill pen and dried the ink by waving the paper in the air or sifting sand on it. Then steel pens were invented. Now they use FOUNTAIN PENS, so as to save the time wasted by dipping the pen in the inkstand. The ink is dried by BLOTTERS. Some men, in a particular hurry, sign their name with a RUBBER STAMP.

Formerly the business man walked or rode horseback to his office, which was upstairs over the grocery. Thus did A. Lincoln et al. Now he goes down town on the SUBWAY, STREET CAR, or ELEVATED, or in his AUTOMOBILE.

His office is on the ninety-ninth floor of the Galaxy OFFICE BUILDING; he ascends by the ELEVATOR.

He eats his lunch at the NOON CLUB, where he can feed and transact business at the same time.

When he wanted to go to another city he kissed his wife good-by, took a stage coach, and was gone a month; now he goes to bed in a SLEEPING CAR and wakes up in the other city in the morning.

He dines leisurely in a DINING CAR, instead of getting out at an eating station and bolting a hard boiled egg, a cup of coffee, and a sandwich.

To communicate from New York to San Francisco used to require months, from Chicago to Pekin a year; now it needs but a few hours, by means of the TELEPHONE and CABLE.

Instead of taking a week for a Boston man to go and see a customer in Albany, it is now an instantaneous matter of TELEPHONES.

He writes forty letters by his STENOGRAPHER and TYPEWRITER in the time it used to take to write one by hand.

He formerly kept his papers tied in tape in packets and stored in pigeonholes; now he has an elaborate FILING SYSTEM.

When he wanted to gamble he met his cronies in a back room and played 5-cent ante; now he drops in at a broker's office and takes a chance on the STOCK MARKET.

Everything is cornered by experts. The babies are tended by TRAINED NURSES, then they are sent to KINDERGARTEN, then to scientifically organized SCHOOLS, then to college, and finally to a LAW SCHOOL or MEDICAL SCHOOL. Ma used to look after her own offspring; they went to the little red schoolhouse with no grades and thirty-six classes, and they studied law with Judge Smith or medicine with old Doc Peasely.

Man used to live in a regular house, with four

walls, a yard, a garden, and a front fence; now he lives in an APARTMENT HOUSE, with ELECTRIC LIGHTS, AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATORS, FOLDING BEDS, and no children or dogs allowed.

When he read he used a book with stiff sides; now he buys a MAGAZINE, with a girl on the cover, or a NEWSPAPER, which furnishes him not only with news but also with history, philosophy, medicine, stories, essays, and fresh scandal.

For exercise he used to saw wood or go hunting; now he chases a little white ball with a club over a forty-acre lot.

We are going some. A few arrive. When we do achieve success we go to Florida or California with paresis, eat oatmeal and grits, and sit on the porch and watch our children spend the pile as fast as we made it.

THE KNOWING PERSON

I WOULD fain pour out a libation, a few drippings of ink solemnly imposed upon paper, to the Knowing Ones.

I love to enter a shoe store and meet the urbane salesman who knows what I want better than I do. He smiles in a pained way at my suggestions. He tries, oh, so hard, to restrain his contempt when I indicate my depraved tastes. He remarks, in hopes it will reduce me to a proper silence, that he's been in the shoe business for twenty years. Finally he gets me so cowed that I walk away in footgear that is killing me, and that I have to give to the janitor eventually, because Mr. Knowitall insisted that the shoes couldn't possibly hurt.

Then there is the lady who sits next you at dinner. Her weapon is her smile. I wish I could make you feel the deadening weight of that superior simper. For she knows it all, and when she dies wisdom shall die with her. She listens to your odd views with a half amused, half bored air. This type grows in New England thick as hazel bushes.

I must not omit the carpenter who knows precisely how you want your shelf put up. You have almost to stand over him with a cocked revolver to get him to do what you want. And when he goes away he leaves you crushed under the consciousness of your utter ignorance of what's what.

Let me speak of the waiter in the restaurant who is pained beyond words at the absurdity of your order, the head waiter who seats you where you don't want to sit, the clothier who will force a suit of clothes on you that you don't like, the physician who refuses to listen to your symptoms, who pats your arm as if you were a two year old, and who impresses you with the fact that you have nothing to do with this case—it is his business, you are only the man who is to take the medicine; and the boy who listens with ill-concerned impatience to your fool advice, you being nobody but a father; and the girl who of course respects you as a mother, only you don't understand.

I confess I hate all parade of familiarity with public personages. It goes against my grain to hear the knowing ones refer to the mayor as John, to the President as Woodrow, to actors and actresses as though they enjoyed the greatest intimacy with them—old pals, you know, and all that.

Why in the world is it assumed to be something

to make one chesty because he knows the sleeping car conductor, or the theatre ticket agent, or the orchestra leader in a restaurant, or an aviator, a senator, a criminal, a policeman, or any other of the spot-lighters?

And yet I do confess to a certain awe in me when a friend with me speaks familiarly to one of these herders of the human crowd. For I know none of them. I am one of the cattle. I step lively when the guard on the subway yells at me. When the head waiter holds up his finger, I follow it hypnotized, to the darkest corner of the dining-room.

MR. AA

THE other day I read in the paper of a man by the name of Aa.

If I should ever get a chance to change my name I would select Aa for my new title.

In the first place, it is the easiest word in the world to say. All you have to do is to open your mouth and it says itself. Of course, Mm might be easier, but no one by that name has yet appeared; to say Mm you wouldn't even have to part your lips; but for reasons stated later Aa is better.

A stutterer, even a deaf-mute, could not get your name wrong. No one could miss Aa.

But the chief advantage would be your prominence in an alphabetic list. You would be first in the directory, first in the telephone book, first in Who's Who, first on the payroll, and first on the ballot. The Wilsons, the Yoakums, and the Zieglers would not be in the running.

I heard recently of an election occurrence that illustrates. A man named Fred Abbot was candidate for railway commissioner. A certain element wanted him defeated. They cast about, and

finally hit upon a bright idea. They found a Mr. Aarons, who allowed them to use his name as a candidate, though it was stipulated he need not do any campaigning. It was doubted if Aarons even voted for himself.

But when the votes were counted it was discovered that Aarons, who never turned a hand to get elected, was unknown, and didn't want the office anyhow, got 8,772 votes, while the energetic Abbott got only 8,368.

Speaking of unearned privilege, is it not about time that we all uprose and protested against the unreasonable favors that have always been shown to the A's, B's, and C's? Why not begin with the Z's and read up?

It seems so entirely impartial to say, "Let us take the names in alphabetical order." But, speaking for the Teazels, Wombats and Zollicoffers, I say it is not fair.

Let us form a national society for the protection of alphabetical tail-enders. Why not? We have societies for everything else under the sun.

THE EASTER SYMBOL

EASTER is a Christian festival fixed so as to occur at the beginning of Spring.

Among all primitive peoples, Norse, Egyptian, Hindu, or Greek, spring's coming was given a religious significance. The Christian Fathers wisely took over this universal instinct and gave it expression in one of the most important holy days in the calendar.

The profound heart of mankind has always interpreted Nature spiritually; that is, all events in the whole order of things, the seasons, the movements of the stars, the storms, and sun, were conceived to be SYMBOLS addressed to the soul of man, and not mere dead and meaningless factors.

If a man were a stone he might think the universe to be nothing but material; being a mind and a heart he persists in fancying the world also imbued with purpose and feeling. From this comes the race-wide phenomenon of religion.

Without entering into the theological side of Easter, let us ask ourselves, "What is there in

human nature of which the spring-coming is a fit symbol?"

In four ways the soul sees itself at springtime in the revealing mirror of Nature. It sees its own RHYTHMIC LAW, the perpetual TRIUMPH OF YOUTH OVER OLD AGE, of HOPE OVER DESPAIR, and of LIFE OVER DEATH.

1. THE RHYTHMIC LAW. Herbert Spencer beautifully explained how all motion is rhythmic, none is continuously steady. The blood circulates in pulses, the breath is taken regularly, day and night alternate, winds blow in gusts, laughter and weeping are spasmodic, and so on. So also the progress of growth, the education of the mind, the unfolding of the soul, and the progress of civilization advance and recede, yet with a constant excess of advance; they go forward not as the river flows but as the waves of the tide rise. So the common philosophy of the people says, "We all have our ups and downs," "The darkest hour is just before the dawn," and the like.

2. THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH OVER AGE. This is a perpetually young world; it is for youth, not old age. Trees shed their leaves, plants die, all vegetation periodically disappears and comes again young; lest the earth be filled with old things. So mankind perpetuates itself, not by the old living on, but by babies coming to replace them, that it may remain youthful forever. Youth is the eternal truth, it is Nature's point of view.

Whatever the great Spirit may be who animates all things, it is a Spirit that continually renews its youth. The world is just as young now of a Spring morning as it was in the days of Nineveh. Boys and girls attack life as freshly now as did the children of the ancient Egyptians. Then let it be so in our own experience, and may the young joy and wonder of life be constantly re-born in us!

3. THE TRIUMPH OF HOPE OVER DESPAIR. Despair is essentially temporary, self-destructive. It is a passing Winter. But Hope is the inevitable Spring, and comes to the hearts of brave men and women as surely as comes the round of the Seasons. The tides of cheer, joy and optimism in the race are inexhaustible. It is forever a happy world, in the larger view. "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning."

4. THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE OVER DEATH. Men die every day, and hearts break, and bodies become diseased and decrepit. But this world remains a world for the living and not the dead, of joyous lovers and not the disillusioned, of young courage and not old fear. The mind of universal man refuses to believe in death; all our thought and love is impregnated with life. We shall live on; it is not logic that proves it, but it is an inextinguishable instinct.

These are the truths about himself man reads in the Symbol of the returning Spring. This is the cosmic meaning of Easter.

So Whittier:

The night is mother of the day,
  The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old decay
  The greenest mosses cling.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

WHEN the young April with his showers sweet did lure folk to the open a company of pilgrims set out upon the road to seek a country of which they had heard, which lies over to the east of the Kingdom of Dreams.

It is called the Land of Beginning Again.

First came a man of fifty. He was heavy of stature and short of breath. Little purplish blotches showed upon his face. His eyes were bent eagerly toward the goal. To the reporter he said: "Yes, I missed it with my life. I gorged at the flesh-pots. I went the sensual pace. Look at me! Physically I am skating on thin ice; a blood vessel's liable to break any minute. But I hope to get to that land before sunset." He trudged on, blowing hard.

"Spoiled my happiness," said a woman with faded beauty. "Selfish, that was the whole trouble. Nagged my husband, neglected my children. Now it's nerves and the hell of self-pity. Do you think I can get there?"

"Just out of the penitentiary," said a pale-faced

man. "It was the way of the fool I took. Cards, women, and liquor—you know the story. At last —crime. They tell me I can find that Land. I shall—or die on the way."

"Me?" said a shabby one. "Why, I was one of those smart boys. I knew more than my father and mother. I wouldn't go to school. So I tackled the world untrained. I was outclassed. I have been grubbing along in the ditch, when I might have been among the successful. When I arrive at the Land and get my lost chance back—well, watch me!"

The reporter moved among the crowd and noted them. There were those whom disease had caught. There were those who had deserted their ideals and were now running to find them again. There were hearts dried and cold, who had killed love. There were those in whose bosoms were the serpents of self-contempt, seeking the self-respect they longed for. There were the world-weary rich, loathing themselves and their possessions, going to find the fountains of adventure. There were the fools, who had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. There were the undisciplined, who had sacrificed all for a moment of anger or of lust.

To all those who had taken the wrong fork of the road, and found out too late their mistake, the news had gone forth that there was a Land of Beginning Again. As this little company marched

on their numbers grew. Here came a painted woman whose heart was a sepulchre. Here a drug taker with brain afire. One by one they who had wandered into the devious by-paths of folly and had fought with the reptiles that haunt the human jungle were falling in and were pilgrims of the morning.

The sun shone cheerfully. The white road before them was inviting. The intoxication of hope was in the air. The birds chirped, "Hope, hope, cheer up!" The dogs barked, "You can! You can!"

And a poet among them sang:

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we would come on it all unawares,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to call.

—*Tarkington.*

THE INNER PARLIAMENT

INSIDE the human breast is a Parliament.

When you consider whether or not you will do a certain thing there is always an inward discussion, sometimes orderly, sometimes turbulent.

Joan of Arc thought she heard voices in her childhood at Domremy. But the decision in the case of every one of us is accompanied by many voices.

The WILL is the judge upon the bench. Each voice tries to influence, to persuade him.

The question arises: "Shall I do a certain thing?"

DESIRE speaks up. It has but one word, but that is a tremendous one. It is "I WANT TO." It speaks loudly. Its tones echo. The whole body trembles, applauds, for Desire is its spokesman.

Then comes CONSCIENCE. It speaks for the spirit, as Desire for the body. It says "I ought," "I ought not." Desire and Conscience argue hotly.

Here enters a third voice, that of REASON. Sometimes it is the bribed lawyer of Desire. Sometimes it is the attorney of the soul. It talks

volubly, subtly, giving excuses, citing examples, adducing palliations.

Now perhaps FEAR steps forward. It presents consequences of pain, of humiliation. It warns the body against results of yielding to desire; it warns the spirit against the high price of nobleness.

IMAGINATION takes the floor. It does not reason. It presents pictures, now beautiful, enticing, as it sides with Desire; now appalling as it sides with Fear.

LOVE rises to speak. It takes the argument out of self, and pleads the welfare of another. How will the issue affect the beloved? Will it hurt or please him or her? The Will must hear that plea, too.

Another speaker is THE COMMUNITY, a Voice which represents your fellow men. What will THEY think of you? Will THEY praise or blame, reward or condemn? No one is wholly indifferent to the judgment of others.

Other Voices take part. PRIDE has its say. Dull OBSTINACY asserts itself. ADVENTURE makes its bold and seducing proposals. CAUTION shakes its warning finger. LOVE OF EASE has a tone that is strongly persuasive. And pure MISCHIEF is not always silent.

Besides, there is that Voice which Victor Hugo so graphically depicts in the scene in "Les Miserables," where Jean Valjean is arguing with himself

whether to be base or noble. He speaks of it as a deep Voice, thunderous as the sea. It is GOD.

Unfortunate are those human creatures whose inner Parliament is but a riotous mob, in whom decisions are reached by clamor, panic, stampede.

And fortunate they whose inward debates are orderly, whose Will is a sober and upright judge, whose decisions are based upon full and fearless debate, and whose judgment stands.

THE TEACHER

I HAVE received the following letter:

"I wish you would express through your columns your opinion of the teaching profession for a man.

"I have an innate feeling that it is my work; that I can make both myself and others happy by pursuing it. My parents and friends discourage me from entering upon it, because it promises such small financial returns.

"Why is teaching, the noblest profession of all, looked upon with such contempt by the majority of people when it is taken up by a man?

"I trust that you will give your readers the benefits of your views on this subject."

To think clearly upon this matter, the first thing you must do is to ask yourself: What kind of a life do I want? What do I regard as success?

If you want to make money, and to gain prominence, power, pleasures and lordly ways that the rich have, do not go in for teaching; nor, for that

matter, for art, literature, preaching and the like. The chances of becoming wealthy in these callings are a hundred to one against you.

If, on the other hand, what you want is to acquire efficiency in your vocation, to live simply and with economy, to make just enough money to live in comfort, to save up a bit against a rainy day, and to find your life's pleasure in your work, then you may take up some intellectual pursuit.

If you are a real, born teacher, then to you the amassing of money is a second rate business.

Of all the professions in the world undoubtedly the greatest is teaching, whether reckoned by the results upon others or the results upon yourself.

The most valuable property a man can have is what Bushnell called "the property right in souls."

All forceful men are creators. The business man creates one kind of values, the artist another; but the best kind of all are those values created by the teachers; they consist in character, training, thought-power and soul-strength.

To clear up the ideas of others, to awaken high enthusiasms in them, to equip their minds against false reasoning and clap-trap, and to render them vigorous and skilful, is the very best business known.

If you like that sort of thing, if it makes you content, if you realize the wonder and nobleness of it, then teach.

But if you measure success by salary, and if you

are continually lusting for the flesh-pots of money-grubbers, then keep out of the teacher's trade.

There is a large portion of the world to whom success means only money. They suppose that only those persons engage in professional life who are incompetent to sell goods or win on the board of trade.

They cannot understand such a man as Agassiz, who when offered a lucrative office replied: "I have no time to make money."

The financial rewards of men, as society is now constituted, are far from being in proportion to the worth of their services. A certain fox-like cunning, whereby a man makes a fortunate venture, can bring him $100,000 for five minutes' work. The quality of mind that earns $50,000 a year in a bank or a corporation is not very high; it is simply scarce. Besides, every day thousands of dollars are left by inheritance to idle, worthless and vicious heirs, who do nothing at all to merit their pay.

With the real rewards, such as self-respect, joy in craft, inward content and the pleasure of creative work upon an exalted plane, the rewards are certain and not fantastically unequal.

But it takes a superior mind to feel this. And unless you belong to the real aristocracy of souls you had better let teaching alone, and go into the great North American game of money-making.

FORGETTING YOUTH

ONE of the most striking lapses of memory among us is the forgetting of youth. We fail signally to remember how it used to be with us when young, and hence fall into the most inexcusable misunderstandings with the new generation.

Don't you recall, for instance, that at the age of ten and under you did not care a whoop about QUIET? Then why do you squirm so now, and why are you so amazed, when the group of tots under your window shriek at each other, scream out laughter at the top of their power, and howl like hurt puppies when they fall and skin their nose? You fail to see why on earth they need to make so much noise. The trouble with you is that you forget. Rest, quiet, and peace are no treat to youngsters.

Then there is ORDER. Did any human being below the teens ever at any time want to put anything back where it belongs? Or otherwise dread confusion? Order is another old-age microbe, attacking only minds that have begun to go to seed.

To be sure, children should be trained to keep

still and to be orderly; but the point is that the average normal child does not hanker after these virtues, and that we should not be so put out, and should not think our children exceptional and incorrigible when they are riproarious and love to upset.

If we remembered we should be more patient.

Do you forget how you hated to have your ears washed, hated to go to bed, and hated to wait to be helped to the pudding until after all the grown-ups were attended to?

Does the mother forget the wild fancies and wayward impulses of her own girlhood? Does she think she was always as sober and sensible as she is now? And why is it that grandmother seems to remember all this better than mother?

Does the staid father forget how he once wanted to be a pirate, or a circus clown, or a cowboy? Why does he think it so marvellous a thing that his boy has the adventurous fever?

And why are we so impatient and petulant with the absurdities of "puppy love"? Can't we recall the days when we ourselves, at fifteen or so, were mad over the little girl with a pink dress who lived down the street? Did not you, one time, oh, fifty-year-old man, mope in the gloaming, and walk under her window, and make fuzzy little verses, rhyming star and afar, love and dove, and breath and death?

Come, come! brush up your recollection! You,

too, mounted once the peaks of youthful fancy, and believed with your whole heart what now seems nonsense, and had all the strange exuberances, infatuations, and Quixotic notions, together with the monumental disregard for order, cleanliness, and quiet, that mark your children.

Teach your young, to be sure, discipline, lecture, or even spank them if you will, but—DON'T FORGET!

BE POLITE

AMERICANS are very clever. We naturally think we are the people, and there are none equal to us.

But there are a few things we can learn from other nations, and especially from the Orient.

One of these things is politeness.

I hate to say it, but the truth is that Americans are, to a too great degree, uncivil, gruff, snippy, and impolite.

In Japan M. Brieux, the French author, was struck by the uniform gentility of the people, even the lowest orders.

When two bicyclists collided and were spilled, they got up, brushed their clothing, and were smilingly apologetic to one another. They did not swear, grumble, and threaten.

The young jinrikisha men would not push in ahead of the old, for fear they would hurt their feelings.

When a Chinese editor returns a manuscript to an author he does not send therewith a cold, curt, and cruel printed slip, but writes a letter something like this:

"We have been enchanted to read your honored manuscript. Upon the tomb of our ancestors we swear that never, never have we tasted anything so sublime. Such literary pearls are created but once every thousand years. If we should publish it in our humble journal we should never dare to print another thing more. We could not possibly keep up to this standard. It is for this reason that we are taking the liberty of returning to you your amazing production."

Think of that now. And in this country the man who thinks he can write is treated as if he were a crawling worm, to be crushed by the editorial heel.

Because the orientals are polite they do not have to forego the pleasure of cutting one another's throat, and all the joys of mayhem and bruising. Only they do not go at it roughly.

It's "After you, my dear Alphonse," before they insert the knife.

Politeness is a distinct social asset. It cheers us all up. Every time you take off your hat to a lady, or say "I thank you," or "A thousand pardons, my dear sir," the sun shines a little brighter.

By being polite you not only add to the happiness of others, but you increase your own.

Your liver works better. There is joy in the island of Reil. There ensues a proper deoppilation of the spleen. The pancreas starts up. And there is general lubrication and smoothness of ac-

tion among all the electrons of body and soul. It is a better "pick-me-up" than corn juice.

And it doesn't cost a cent.

Try it.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

STOP! Look! Listen!

Why so hot, little man?

You know a lot of things; suppose you take a day off and try to realize a few things. For what you KNOW may have little to do with your life, but what you REALIZE enters into you.

You rise every day and go to work. You do and you do and you do. You admire "the man who does things." You march and countermarch with the sidewalk army. At night you go to bed tired. Yet you have not lived at all; you have only striven.

Some day you will heave a last sigh and quit for good. Then they will shovel you in. And what will you have got out of it all?

So take a day off and live. Begin with the dawn. Have you ever seen it, the slow paling of the sky into gray, and then on through soft pink and heliotropes and washen yellows, into light triumphant? Put your soul up against the dawn, not to study it scientifically, not in a purposeful way, but just to feel it, love it, and try to understand it.

Go away somewhere, to trees, the ocean, the river, moors and birds.

Did you never imagine that LIFE IS GOOD IN ITSELF, and quite apart from anything you may do with it? Just EXISTENCE is marvellous.

Forget, for this day, all those petty precepts that advise you to improve the time, to give every flying moment to some useful task, to work while you rest, and the like, and LIVE.

Watch that tree, long, patiently. Think not of how much cordwood it will make, nor the fruit it will bear, but the slow sap crawling up and down in its appointed season, of how amazing it is that a veined and delicately cut leaf should come out of a hard twig, and of Time that has folded his arms about the rugged trunk and left the yearly marks of his embrace upon the inner wood.

Look at the ocean, not for information, but for inspiration. Let its wide roar drift into your soul. Let its sheet of blue wrap you round, its deep caverns whisper to you, its flying gulls write their message upon your mind. Look and listen, and open your heart, until you perceive that dim SOMETHING that lies behind, below, and above all oceans and stars, that something we call Eternity, the Infinite.

Watch the birds, the squirrels, all the wild things. Only by the deepest silence and motionless patience can you surprise their secret. Their world is not as your world; it is strange, quiet,

evasive. Get into it; you will come back to men and affairs with a peculiar sense of vision and power.

Taste each hour. Do not reckon time. When you are hungry, eat, and enjoy every bite. When you are thirsty, drink, and taste each drop. When you are sleepy, doze.

Say to yourself: "I am living. As the tree lives, and the woodpecker, and the beetle, so I am quaffing existence."

By and by the blue sky, the grass, the leaves stirring, bowing, motioning, the winds making low shreds of melody, the soft babble of running water, the cheep of the sparrows, the vast, low voiced ALL of Nature, will bring something to you, something strange, mysterious, and beautiful, something no words can utter, something that will rebuke your littleness and petulance, dry up the wounds of failure, and sweetly heal you.

Stop! Look! Listen! And learn what LIFE is!

GOD'S MODESTY

THE reason why many persons do not believe in God and never see God is because they are looking for a medieval Ruler and not a modern Servant.

Modernity has taught us that real Greatness consists in Modesty and Service, and not in Pride and Tyranny. So the greater a being the more he hides. And no one hides himself like the Almighty "Servant of All."

For does not God, in His World, keep persistently in the background? So much so that many deny there is any such Being. If He were a ruler of the medieval type He certainly would make some display. But He never rends the heavens and comes down. He has never allowed Himself the pardonable weakness of appearing in bodily presence to acknowledge the enthusiastic plaudits of His admirers. (When He came we did not know Him.)

All we can know of Him in nature is to be gathered from what He does. Is not that like a Worker, an honest, faithful Servant, proud and

eager to perform His work, but escaping when we attempt to praise?

There in the night sky above us He works, rolling the stars, keeping up the fire of the sun, distilling the dews, sweeping the villages with His winds. Here He is about us in the Spring, bringing to pass the miracle of green things growing, ushering in the violet, unrolling the fern, painting the crocus, guiding the brook, and turning the fecund warmth of His sun against the loving earth.

There is no exhibition of self, no bid for applause; only work, work, work, and just for the beauty and joy of it, the delight in creating.

Naturally, advertising humbugs cannot believe such a being exists.

None is so shy as Eternal Omnipotence. He is gentle and modest as a girl, even as are all the truly great men and women on this earth.

If we knew what manner of person God is we might more believe in Him. And if we understood what genuine greatness of character is we should expect God to be rather The First Gentleman of the Universe than a belated Oriental Sultan.

EARLY SPRING

FOR the northern half of the United States this is the most beautiful week in the year.

If you care anything at all for the handicraft of the Divine Artist, now is the time to go look at His work. He never did anything more wonderful than He is doing right now.

Out in the country you can get some idea of the myriad contents of the word GREEN. You discover that it is not one color, but a whole range of colors.

Between the dark pine at one extreme, almost black, and the pale yellow-green shoots shyly emerging from the ground, there is a chromatic scale of shades, as if Nature found the glory of greenness inexhaustible.

This week, too, there is presented in Nature's studio a picture you can see at no other time. It is the tree adorned with leafage and yet showing all the lines of its trunk and branches. In winter you find the woody lines clean cut; in summer they are concealed by the mass of foliage; in spring both are visible.

This week the tree clothes are x-radiant. They

are fresh from the shop, spick and span, brilliant, refreshing. There are no worm-spotted leaves, no wind-torn garments. All plant life is dressed for a holiday.

All about you is the expression of youth. The whole world is young. And there is something in mere youngness that is peculiarly appealing.

It is Nature's season of filmy laces, also. A great tree full of bursting leaf-buds, small as raindrops and delicate as embroidery, is a sight for angels.

And what shall be said of the other colors—of the pink arbutus, the white spring-beauty, the blue violet?

The flowering almond looks for all the world like a little girl in her Sunday best.

The gnarled old apple tree has burst into a shower of white; a whole orchard seems a bit of heaven dropped upon earth.

And what a dream of loveliness is a blooming peach tree!

Go out and see! It is too cold yet for picnics, it is not the time as in June for lying on the grass, but it is the very hour for long walks, with just enough cold in the air to invite exercise.

You can see THROUGH the woods. The tree trunks rise like temple pillars, the forest floor is a carpet of shining verdure, and all the air about you is full of green fire.

To-day Nature is playing her most rapturous

symphony; to-day from her infinite number of little lives, from grass and bough, from hyacinth, crocus and jonquil, comes a silent, seraphic chorus; and all the theme is life, joy, hope, beauty.

The infinite force that creates all things is expressing its tenderest mood. Do you miss it? Do you pass it by?

Why, the very least accent of it, received into your soul, would intoxicate you.

The All-Beautiful is knocking at your heart, is spreading its banners to enroll you in the army of cheer.

What an amazing, dainty, gorgeous and enchanting paradise is this earth!

It is a world to love in, to hope in, to be glad in.

At least, this week it is.

Have you seen it?

THE MIND A REFUGE

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in a preface to "David Balfour," one of her husband's books:

"Never was a novel written in more distressing circumstances. With the [Samoan] natives on the verge of war, and amid the most kaleidoscopic political changes, uncertain as to what moment his personal liberty might be restrained, his every action misconstrued and resented by the white inhabitants of the island, the excitement and fatigue of my husband's daily life might have seemed enough for any one man to endure without the additional strain of literary work; but he found time besides for the study of harmony and counterpoint."

Fix that picture in your fancy, of the man amid all the wash and turmoil of circumstance finding a refuge in his mind, withdrawing into himself as into a walled citadel of peace, with his beloved vocation and avocation.

It's an ugly world sometimes, and distressing. Have you any place where you can escape it?

Blessed is the man who has resources of contentment!

Thrice blessed when those resources are within himself and depend not on men and things!

There are those whose natures are so lean and poor that if some certain thing happens they are done for. They are like a turtle on its back, and can only kick and gesticulate in helplessness.

The advantage of culture is not only greater efficiency and better pay, nor that silly pride in excellence, but it lies in the possession of a hundred by-ways of escape from what would crush another.

The well equipped mind is never at bay. The hounds of fate cannot corner it. It slips away.

Let loss of money, of place, or of reputation come, or illness, or shame, or betrayal, or any messenger of the enemy; they cannot find him.

I know one man that studies the Persian language, another who roams the myriad ways of philology, another who is a devoted entomologist, another who is impassioned of the curiosities of mathematics, another who is an expert at chess problems, and a woman of fifty who still pursues her studies of Bach and old Italian music.

These various intellectual passions are cities of refuge. The blows of tragedy and the slow smotheration of the commonplace cannot catch the nimble mind that always has its secret panel-door and underground passage.